

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS

LENTEN OFFERING NUMBER

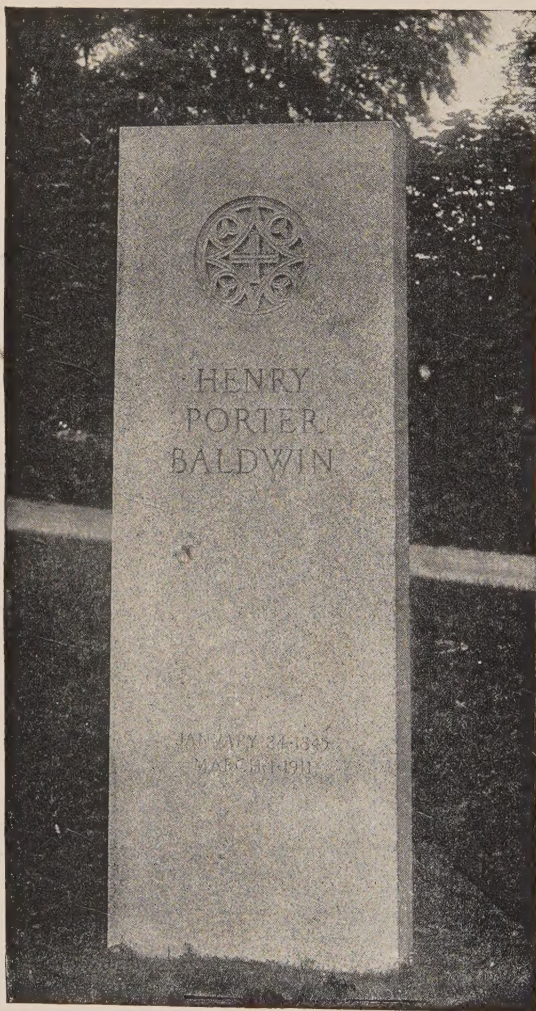


THE WHITE MAN'S CITY

FEBRUARY 1915

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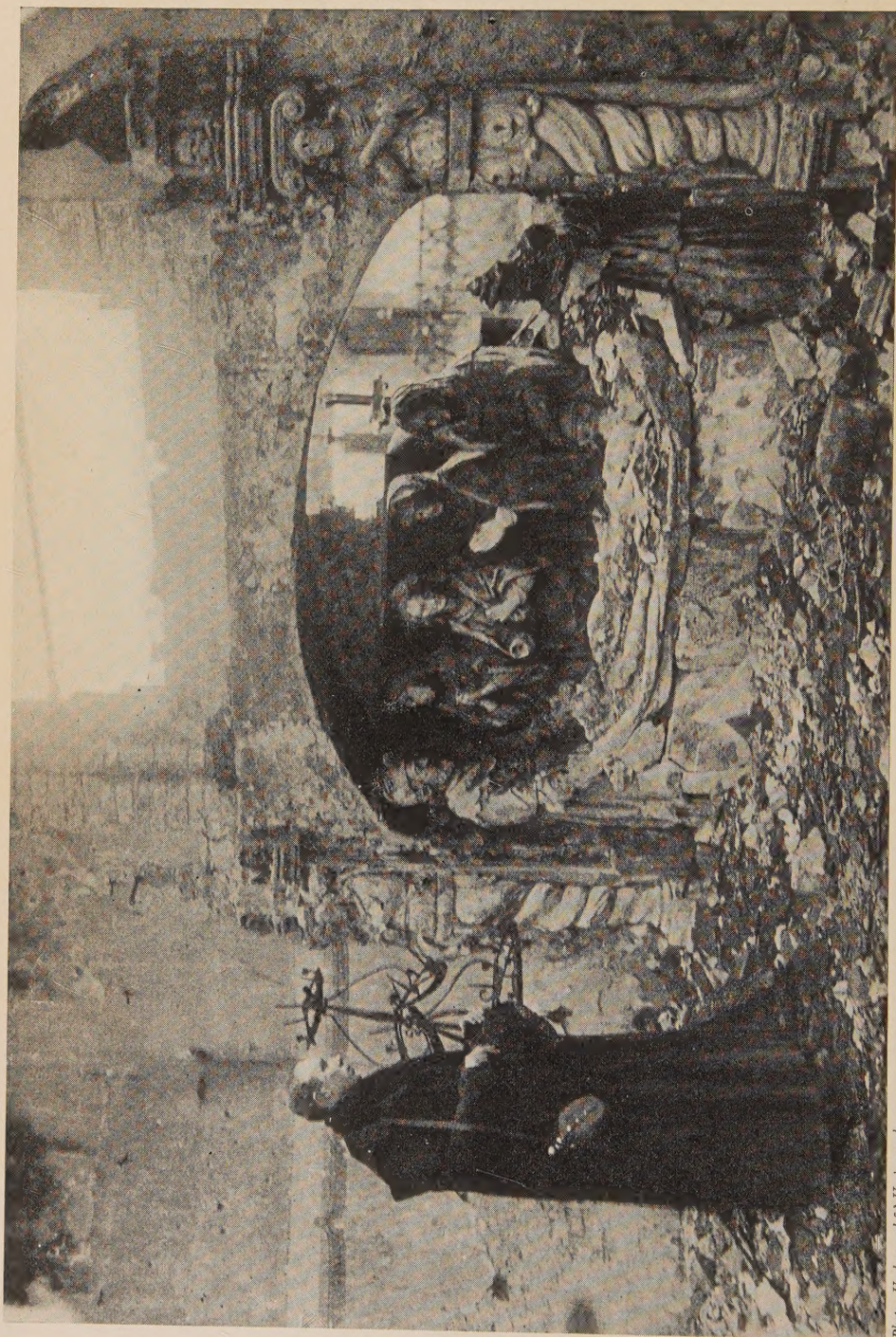
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TO THE CLERGY

THE Clergy are requested to notify "The Mailing Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York," of changes in their post-office addresses in order that the Board's publications may be correctly mailed to them.

CONCERNING WILLS

IT is earnestly requested that inquiries be made concerning Wills admitted to probate whether they contain bequests to this Society, and that information of all such bequests be communicated to the Treasurer without delay. In making bequests for missions it is most important to give the exact title of the Society, thus: *I give, devise, and bequeath to The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, for the use of the Society.*..... If it is desired that the bequest should be applied to some particular department of the work, there should be substituted for the words, "For the Use of the Society," the words "For Domestic Missions," or "For Foreign Missions," or "For Work Among the Indians," or "For Work Among Colored People," or "For Work in Africa," or "For Work in China," etc.



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SHRINE IN A DEVASTATED CHURCH IN RAMSCAPPELE, BELGIUM

The Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

HUGH L. BURLESON, Editor

CYRIL D. BUCKWELL, Business Manager

VOL. LXXX

February, 1915

No. 2

Out of the Deep

The Priest Speaks:

I

THEY have not spared their Master's holy place!
Where old-world sculptor carved the silent form
Laid in its winding sheet by loving hands.
They have not spared the Church which braved the storm
Of restless centuries—*Thy* Church, which stands
'Twixt human weakness and our God's good grace.
The bolts of war smote on the ancient fane,
And blasting fire has made the wreck complete;
A headless form, a heap of dust remain
Of sculptured saints who held the sacred feet.
O silent Christ! O stricken Church! What way
Remains for me? Where shall I kneel to pray?
Home of my soul, where desolations reign,
How may I set Thine altar up again?

The Christ Speaks:

II

WHY dost thou stand with bitter grief opprest?
I tarry not within the ancient shrine.
If thou wouldst heal thy spirit's great unrest
Come with Me to the far-flung battle-line.
My Church, though smitten, sits not down beside
Her ashes. Deep though wounds may be,
She seeks my brethren who are crucified;
For, seeking them, she shall draw night to Me.
The flask upon thy shoulder is the sign
Of loving sacraments thou shalt dispense
Where temples of my spirit, more divine
Than this, lie rent and torn by war's offense.
Where cannon roar and dying thousands groan
Help thou the living Christ to find His own.

H. L. B.

THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

THE report of the treasurer up to January 1st proves the determination of the Church to stand back of the work which she has undertaken. **The Gifts of the Church** There is, from all sources, a slight increase over the giving of last year. The amount (some \$1,500) is of course negligible, but the fact that there is an increase, however slight, is important.

Beyond doubt there are deep searchings of heart among Christian people to-day. Never has there been a more honest desire to see the right and to do it, and a greater willingness to make sacrifices for what is right. With relief and thanksgiving the mission boards of this country and of Great Britain are acknowledging the faithful backing which they are receiving from their several constituencies. There is hope that it will continue, and increase, as it must certainly do if the interests of the Kingdom are not to suffer amid the clash of arms.

THE Lenten Offering Number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, commonly known as the Children's Num-

This Special Issue intended to be a piece of literature for children. In

other words, it is not a juvenile edition of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. The desire is to make it a strongly representative issue, and to have it show what the Church is doing throughout the world for the betterment of the conditions surrounding childhood and youth. It is placed on sale and distributed largely by the children of the Sunday-schools, and thus they have a deep interest in it. This particular issue is the fourteenth in annual succession, and will, we trust, be thought to maintain the excellent rec-

ord made by former Children's Numbers.

The Lenten Offering

The Children's Lenten Offering Number serves a double purpose: it

enlists the interest of the children of the Sunday-schools in the promotion and sale of this magazine; and by this means also makes it possible for them to increase very considerably their gifts to the Lenten offering fund. This offering has become one of the significant missionary features in the life of the Church. No other Christian body has such systematic and generous giving on the part of its children. Words in praise of the achievement have been spoken by observers of all Christian bodies, including the Roman Catholic. It is indeed true that the children have set an inspiring example to the Church. Year by year the volume of gifts has grown. In 1878 it was \$7,000; last Lent \$181,183.67; while for the thirty-six years, it lacks only a little of being three millions of dollars!

The gifts producing this result have come from all quarters of the earth and from all sorts and conditions of children; and, best of all, most of the money has been definitely earned for the purpose,—representing Christian service and sacrifice on the part of the donors. Eskimos and Indians in Alaska, children in Southern California and Florida, have worked to swell the amount. The negroes of Africa, the peons in Mexico, the Igorots of the Philippines, and the brown and yellow children of Chirra and Japan, have gathered the strange coins of their various countries in common with our own white boys and girls of the mountains and prairies, the small towns and great cities of the United States.

Not always has there been uniform progress in the giving. Occasionally,

for one reason or another, there was a slight recession in the tide; but the general movement has been strongly onward and upward. For the last six years the yearly increase has been continuous and considerable, as the following table will show:

1907-08	\$135,277.61
1909-10	144,483.42
1910-11	151,392.84
1911-12	167,250.36
1912-13	175,734.71
1913-14	181,183.67

The Possibilities of the Offering

There seems to be no reason why, with a little extra effort, the offering of 1915 should not reach the \$200,000 mark. As a matter of fact, the children's offering has almost unlimited possibilities, and in many dioceses and parishes it is as yet an unworked factor in missionary achievement. Either from failure to realize its possibilities, or inertia of some other sort, it is allowed to take its own course without direction or stimulus, and the sums sent are not representative of what might be done. In contrast to this are the instances where earnest effort is made and astonishing results achieved. It is suggestive, for example, that for many years a Western missionary district and not a diocese has stood at the head of the list, so far beyond all others in its per capita offering that there has never been even a close rivalry in the race for the top. Next to it, however, has uniformly stood one of the wealthiest of the Eastern dioceses, where the offering originated, and where thorough work is done. These two instances prove the possibilities which exist.

The finest feature of the Lenten Offering, however, is not the amount of money contributed, splendid as that is, but the educational effect upon the children of the Church. There is

no other opening more effective for giving a training in Christian activity and inculcating a view of service which includes the whole world. From the very beginning this has been the high purpose of its promoters, who have always asked the Church to consider it from this point of view. The offering is urged and stimulated, not for the purpose of exploiting the Sunday-schools and thereby producing additional missionary funds, but in order that the Church's children may come to understand her Mission in the world, and the part they have in it.

The Record of Last Year

North Dakota, as usual, remains in first place, with the unapproachable record of \$1.40 per capita.

Next comes Pennsylvania, which has easily held the first place among the dioceses, and which has a record of 84 cents. In the third and fourth places are Pittsburgh with 67 cents, and Dallas with 63 cents. These percentages and the others which follow are computed by dividing the total offering by the total number of teachers and scholars in the diocese. The number preceding each name indicates the rank which the diocese or district holds in the matter of the Lenten Offering. A fine offering of \$725.16 was also received from Alaska, but as we have not exact information concerning the number of teachers and scholars in that district we are unable to place it in the list given below. It ought to be said, however, that Alaska would undoubtedly rank very high.

Above Sixty Cents:

(1) North Dakota, (2) Pennsylvania, (3) Pittsburgh, (4) Dallas.

Sixty to Fifty Cents:

(5) Honolulu, (6) Western Michigan, (7) Missouri, (8) Montana, (9) North Texas, (10) Kentucky.

Fifty to Forty Cents:

(11) Vermont, (12) West Texas, (13) Bethlehem, (14) Minnesota, (15) Quincy, (16) West Virginia, (17) South Dakota, (18) Texas, (19) Los Angeles, (20) New Hampshire, (21) Indiana, (22) Kansas.

Forty to Thirty Cents:

(23) Western Massachusetts, (24) Colorado, (25) Erie, (26) Arkansas, (27) Delaware, (28) Duluth, (29) Salina, (30) Arizona, (31) New Mexico, (32) East Carolina, (33) Alabama, (34) Connecticut, (35) New Jersey, (36) Eastern Oregon, (37) Rhode Island, (38) Central New York, (39) New York, (40) Albany, (41) Georgia, (42) North Carolina, (43) Easton, (44) Milwaukee, (45) West Missouri, (46) Newark, (47) Atlanta, (48) Olympia.

Thirty to Twenty Cents:

(49) Oregon, (50) Nevada, (51) Southern Florida, (52) Maryland, (53) Michigan City, (54) Southern Ohio, (55) San Joaquin, (56) Nebraska, (57) Mississippi, (58) Harrisburgh, (59) Lexington, (60) Massachusetts, (61) Ohio, (62) Western Nebraska, (63) Springfield, (64) Maine, (65) Sacramento, (66) Western New York, (67) Southern Virginia, (68) Spokane, (69) Washington, (70) South Carolina, (71) Western Colorado, (72) Oklahoma, (73) Chicago, (74) Fond du Lac, (75) Louisiana, (76) Iowa.

Twenty to Ten Cents:

(77) Michigan, (78) Marquette, (79) Tennessee, (80) Wyoming, (81) Long Island, (82) Eastern Oklahoma, (83) Florida, (84) California, (85) Utah, (86) Porto Rico, (87) Idaho, (88) Asheville, (89) Virginia.

AT the Foreign Missions Conference held in Garden City, L. I., on January 13-14, the statistics for the foreign mission work of North America during the calendar year 1914 were announced.

**The Year's
Record
Abroad**

The total income of the American foreign mission boards was \$17,168,611.18. This amount has only once before been equalled—in the year 1912,—and it is \$1,100,000 greater than the sum given last year. It is also interesting to note that in addition to the above amount \$4,243,967.60 was contributed towards self-support by the natives among whom American missionaries are working. The personnel of the foreign mission staff numbers 9,969. Last year 159,286 persons were baptized as compared with 121,811 the year before. There are 9,946 churches,—a gain of 510; there are 606 colleges, theological seminaries and training-schools, and 12,969 other schools, with a total attendance of 547,730. The above figures do not include the work of certain home mission boards (which last year expended over \$770,000) in Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska. In some cases, as in our own, the last three are counted as domestic missions.

This may be considered a truly remarkable showing under the circumstances. It gives an indication of what a tremendous enterprise the work of foreign missions has become. When we add to the work of our American missionaries that of the English and Continental societies the sums given are doubled. The grand total for Christendom in 1913 was \$32,131,234. We must also remember that in many—probably the majority of cases—these figures do not include the extensive enterprises of the Roman Catholic Church.

WRITING on a Yangtze River boat while on his way to West China, Bishop Roots calls attention to

**With the
Other
Great Neutral**

a recent significant act of the Chinese Government. "This year," he says, "for the second time in

the history of the young republic, the government has shown its respect for, if not active sympathy with, religious forces, by fixing a Day of Prayer. This year the date was in October and the object was the peace of the world, as last year in April the object was the welfare of China. The similarities and the contrasts in the nearly simultaneous action of President Yuan Shih-kai and President Wilson are most striking. China and America are the two greatest republics, and while both are neutral in the present war, both are vitally affected by the dislocation of trade, and bound to be still more affected by the issue of the strife. The American President acts in accordance with well-established precedents, and from deepest personal conviction addresses his countrymen, who are conscious of security and power, are keenly alive to the issues involved, and whole-heartedly recognize the leadership of their chief executive. The Chinese President is hewing out a new path, unknown to his ancestors; both he and his people are conscious of national danger and weakness, and it is for the most part only the numerically small Christian community who have any idea of how to respond to the government's call. Yet the most striking thing is the fundamental parallel of two great nations, whose convictions and ideals are those of peace and popular government, both turning in prayer, at the call of their chosen rulers, to the Power above nations Who alone can order the unruly wills and affections of mankind. In many places the Chinese officials responded, if at all, in a purely perfunctory way, but

it is noteworthy that in many instances, as in Wuchang and Changsha, the governors sent not simply official representatives, but men known for their warm Christian faith, to attend and participate in the Christian meetings for prayer which were held in response to the government's call. The effect of all this in banishing prejudice and naturalizing Christian ideas among the Chinese people, must be more far-reaching than we can now calculate.

**How China
Views
the War**

"Well-nigh every interest of mankind is affected by the war. The Chinese

government needed funds to preserve peace and reorganize both her government and her industries. The war has cut off the supply of loan funds from abroad, and this it was thought would not only prevent internal development but tend to produce trouble by leaving the soldiers unpaid. In the face of these difficulties and the withdrawing of most foreign naval military forces, the Chinese have thus far again surprised their timid friends, at the same time disappointing their detractors; and the indications are that, along with the rest of the world, they have been sobered by this world-wide catastrophe and are consequently resolved more firmly than ever to keep the peace. It may be that this recrudescence of barbarism in Europe has not only put the Chinese on their mettle to show that they can keep peace and protect foreign life and property without being watched, but that the war furnishes the touch of nature which makes China feel her kinship with mankind in general. Possibly it even makes her dream that she has something to contribute, having suffered such terrible things from war in the course of her age-long history, to the universal requirement of a determination to settle differences between nations, as between individuals, by resort to reason and fair dealing rather than to force of

arms. At any rate, there seems little doubt that the war has made the Chinese realize, as perhaps they never have before, the need for friendly relations with foreign powers as well as for maintaining peace at home. This, if so, is no small gain.

"In another respect also the effect of the war on the Chinese is not what has been generally anticipated. Many have thought that the spectacle of so-called Christian nations engaged in such fratricidal strife would turn the Chinese away from Christianity. The war has undoubtedly puzzled thoughtful Chinese, both Christians and non-Christians. How could even nominal followers of Christ so fight and destroy one another? But it has not made the appeal of the Cross less powerful. Even the great nations of the West have not found in their might the key to peace. They are like China in this, that they too need a Saviour not themselves. In the midst of such thoughts, the appeal of the Cross comes with fresh force, and is less confused by its supposed foreign origin. Perhaps China may learn its great lessons as soon as the rest of the world, and take her place among the first really Christian nations."

SOMEWHAT over a year ago a number of the Blackfoot Indians, whose home is in the neighborhood of

the Glacier National Park, Montana,

The White Man's City

came to New York City to take part in

an exhibition. Rooms were secured for them in the new Hotel McAlpin, which is set in the very heart of Broadway. They refused, however, to occupy these rooms and begged the privilege of pitching their tents upon the roof, where they could be assured of fresh air and could overlook the white man's city.

Our cover design shows them eagerly drinking in the wonders that lie about them. It seems a sort of parable

of the Indian, hedged about by the aggressive, pulsing civilization of the white man—though the parallel fails at one particular, since the universal tendency has been to crowd the Indian downward, not upward. It is at the sacrifice of many of the things which the Indian loves best that the white man has been able to build his city, and the wondering red brother still looks from afar upon the stupendous, confining, unwholesome civilization in which he scarcely desires to have a part. Even to-day he prefers a tepee in the fresh air to the confining walls of a room in one of the most pretentious of New York's caravansaries!

FOR eleven years Miss Ida M. Keicher was the girls' matron at St. Mary's School, Rosebud Agency,

South Dakota. On

"Of Good Courage"

December 21st she died at the home

of her brother, the

Rev. R. F. Keicher at Momence, Ill. Of her Bishop Biller says: "I am convinced that she contracted tuberculosis from the Indians, and that her life might have been spared had she earlier been willing to spare herself." Her brother writes concerning her last days: "She was happy and contented through all her affliction, though to those of us who looked on, it was exceedingly pathetic. She was confined to her bed most of the time, yet remained bright and cheerful. The allowance given from the United Offering enabled her to have many things that she needed, and made her really happy."

This is one of those simple stories that might be multiplied. Faithful service cheerfully rendered; the martyrdom of suffering and weakness cheerfully borne, and the summons to the Master's presence cheerfully answered. So goes many a missionary, leaving the world better because one who reckoned life in terms of service has passed this way.

THE photograph reproduced on this page shows the consecration, at St. Mark's Cathedral, Salt Lake City, on December

Episcopal Consecrations 16th, of the Bishops-elect of Nevada and Utah. It is

rare that two missionary bishops are consecrated simultaneously, and still more unusual for it to occur within the boundaries of a domestic missionary district.

In contrast with this consecration in distant Salt Lake was that of the Venerable Hiram Hulse to be Bishop of

Cuba, which took place in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights, New York City, on the morning of January 12th. In spite of the inclement weather the congregation filled the great cathedral and joined in the uplifting and inspiring service. The consecrators were the bishops of New York, Newark and the Rt. Rev. A. W. Knight, who was Bishop Hulse's predecessor in Cuba. The Bishop of South Carolina preached the sermon. Bishop Hulse expects to sail for Havana to take up his work in the near future.



THE CONSECRATION GROUP AT THE DOOR OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, SALT LAKE CITY

The bishops in line from left to right are: 1.—Rt. Rev. George C. Hunting, newly-consecrated Bishop of Nevada; 2—Bishop Tuttle, Presiding Bishop; 3—(in the doorway) the Rt. Rev. Paul Jones, newly-consecrated Bishop of Utah; 4—Bishop Paddock, of Eastern Oregon; 5—Bishop Nichols of California; 6—Bishop Sanford of San Joaquin; 7—(in the doorway) Bishop Thomas of Wyoming; 8—Bishop Funsten of Idaho; 9—Bishop Benjamin Brewster of Western Colorado; 10—Bishop Moreland of Sacramento; 11—Bishop Johnson of Los Angeles.

THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE"

JOSEPH, honored from sea to sea,
This is your name that pleases me,
"Man of the House."
I see you rise at the dawn, and light
The fire, and blow till the flame is
bright.
I see you take the pitcher and carry
The deep well-water for Jesus and
Mary.

* * * * *

There are little feet that are soft and
slow,
Follow you whithersoever you go.
There's a little face at the workshop
door,
A little One sits down on your floor;
Holds His hands for the shavings
curled,
The soft little hands that have made the
world.
Mary calls you; the meal is ready;
You swing the Child to your shoulder
steady.
I see your quiet smile as you sit
And watch the little Son thrive and eat.

* * * * *

Joseph, honored from sea to sea,
Guard me mine own, and my own roof-
tree,
Man of the House!

—Katharine Tynan.



THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee—
For the Babe of Bethlehem in
the manger and the Christ-Child
in the carpenter shop.

For the part the children of the
Church have had in carrying the good
news of the Kingdom of Christ to a
waiting world. (Page 80.)

For the influence of Christian homes
in lands where Thou art as yet known
only to few. (Page 91.)

For the loving service of those de-
voted men and women who in all the
world are saving children from cruelty,
ignorance, and suffering. (Pages 87,
105, 109 and 125.)

For Thine assurance that inasmuch
as we have done it unto the least of
Thy little ones, we have done it unto
Thee.

INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee—
To guard and protect children
everywhere, especially those
whose homes are in danger through the
clash of warring nations.

To bless all Christian schools and
make them fruitful nurseries of noble
lives. (Pages 91, 111 and 125.)

To help the children of Thy Church
in this coming Lent in their self-sac-
rificing endeavor to bring Thee a
worthy offering at Easter.

To look with pity on all Thy little
ones who are suffering; grant them
relief and bear up the hearts of those
who are trying to lighten that great
sorrow of the world, the pain of chil-
dren. (Page 87.)

To be with the men "that go down
to the sea in ships," and to further
the efforts of those who are trying to
safeguard them from the temptations
by which they are beset. (Page 97.)



A Child's Prayer

DEAR Heavenly Father, accept our
prayers, and grant all that we
have asked according to Thy will.
May we help to answer them ourselves
by studying more faithfully, praying
more earnestly and giving more gener-
ously, that Thy Kingdom may come
and Thy will be done in all the earth;
so that every child may be Thy child,
and every heart Thy home. We ask
it in Jesus's name. *Amen.*



For the Protection of Children

OLORD Jesus Christ, we beseech
Thee by the innocence and obedi-
ence of Thy holy childhood, to
guard the children of all lands, especi-
ally in this time of peril. Preserve
their innocence; sustain them when
they are weak; remove all that may
hinder them from coming to Thee, and
show Thyself to them that they may
learn to be like Thee; who livest and
reignest with the Father and the Holy
Ghost ever one God, world without
end. *Amen.*

"THERE WAS NO ROOM"

A Christmas Talk

By W. H. Jefferys

ONCE upon a time I asked a Mission Study Class of men and women what, in their opinion, was the most supremely beautiful thing that Jesus ever said or did, and the two answers that were given were: one, *The words from the cross*, especially "Son, behold Thy mother"; and the other, "*Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth Me.*" The large class seemed to be agreed upon either one or the other of these two, and I think that had any other suggestions been made, they would have included the hospitality of Jesus to the thief on the cross, His comment on Mary and the ointment poured out, His yearning over the widow and her mite, and the "Inasmuch" proclamation—all being examples of His outgoing tenderness, or of His active substitution of Himself for all the feeblest and most helpless of His fellow-men.

The fact is, that these are all endowed with the same kind of beauty. It is a sort of unearthly beauty that belongs peculiarly to Jesus, and in a measure to some who know and love Him. It is probably true that that hate-stormed cross on Calvary, of which the words from the cross are but a part, is the supremely beautiful thing in all the world's history, but until we meet Christ face to face, and realize what the condescension of God actually was, the beauty of the cross will be veiled by its tragedy.

One of the most fascinating sights I know, one that has this very kind of beauty in good measure, is the Church in China receiving, in Jesus' name, a little heathen child who has never even heard of Him, and making, out of

this lump of yellow clay, a splendid Christian man or woman.

Here is one of them, eight years old—timid, silent, stolid, grimy.

"Noong Sing Sa?" (What is your name?) No answer.

"What is your name?"

Very softly: "My name is Pau." (Precious.)

"Sa di-fong le Kuh?" (Where do you come from?)

"From the North Gate bridge."

"Kyi-sz zing-yok tse?" (How long since you had a bath?)

Indignantly: "I didn't have a bath."

"Have you known any foreigners before?"

"I do not know any foreign devils."

"Did you ever hear the name Jesus Christ?"

Waving his hand in scornful protest: "No, never."



MISS BENDER

"The place is radiant with her presence."

The years go by. The little unwashed son of the Chinese compradore or merchant passes from the day school to the middle school. From the middle school to St. John's University, and after a time it is a Sunday morning in the Chinese settlement outside the North Gate bridge. We are taken by a missionary to see a Chinese congregation at worship. The church is packed from door to door. The men and boys on one side, the women and girls on the other. The large boy choir is singing the last verse of a familiar hymn. One feels at home in the atmosphere of Christian fellowship. The priest in charge, clean in body and soul, looks out over his flock with gentle yearning, and from the text, "I was a stranger," he pours out the sacramental message of divine substitution. We learn that he is in full charge of the self-supporting congregation; that his family has to the last one followed him into the faith, and we ask his name. It is Pau (Precious), who once had never heard the name of Jesus, now standing before a nation in darkness, proclaiming the Light of the World.

Or, we are standing in the lobby of St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai, and I am making known to you the hospital staff. We are interrupted by "Old Dog," the doorkeeper.

"Si-Sang. Yeu nyung yau pa-wo." (There is a man to speak to you, Doctor.)

"Good morning! What do you want?"

"Si-Sang, yi kuh nyi-too wa-tse." (Master, her ear is spoiled.)

He points to a girl-child of five years, who is hiding behind his ample, but shabby, blue silk gown. We look at the child's ear. Not so bad. A too heavy ear-ring has gradually pulled itself through and the lobe of the ear is split, but healed.

"Veh yau kyung. Hau la tse."

(That is of no consequence. It is healed.)

"But, Master, it will affect the price."

We do not seem to understand this remark.

"There is no price. We are not in China to run a beauty parlor for Chinese girls. This is a very-heavy-disease-healing-place, not a place to make children's faces pretty."

"Old Dog" leads the pair gently but positively toward the door.

We stand a moment reflecting and unsatisfied. Then it dawns upon us. We call:

"Old Dog, bring him back!"

Doctor: "You are going to sell the child?"

Man: "Yes." A little embarrassed—very little.

Doctor: "Your own child?"

Man: "Oh, no! Only my brother's child. He is dead. I have three of my own. Three hawks are enough. I cannot support more."

Doctor: "I see, so you will sell her as a slave?"

Man: "Why, yes, if I can."

Doctor: "How much do you want for her?"

Man: "Ve zung ding-dong tse." (I have made no bargain as yet.)

Doctor: "How much do you want for her?"

Man: "I want to get rid of her chiefly."

Doctor: "How much will you sell her to me for?"

Man: "Oh, um! Well, for a nominal figure. One dollar." (Forty-five cents in American money.)

And so the bargain and the deed are signed and sealed, and we remember the "thirty pieces of silver"; and we remember "Receive one such little child in my name." For forty-five cents, *one such child!* We are still buying and selling the Master for a price.

Years roll by and the slave child has entered upon the perfect freedom of



DR. TYAU AND FAMILY

Christian fellowship. Wedding bells are heard across the Mission compound, and we know that a Christian family is born in China.

Or again, we are in the clinic of the hospital, and Miss Bender is letting her light so shine that the place is radiant with her presence. It is the room devoted to women and children, packed full of all manner of God's sick children, who know Him not. The foreign doctor is there, and his friend, Dr. Tyau, as pure and sweet and true a Christian physician as ever lived. (We remember that he, too, came as a child to the Church's schools in China.) The next patient is a boy of eight, although he looks eighteen with his thin face, grown old in pain. A wretched little hunchback, consumptive all through. His mother asks that he be admitted to the hospital, because he suffers greatly, and she cannot care for him at home. "I love him"; that is her plea. He is incurable, and it is against the hospital rules to take in incurables. "We are

sorry." The case is dismissed. A half hour later we turn to find the woman and child there once more. The request is repeated, but to take the child in for months, perhaps for years, would keep dozens of other children out who could be cured, and again she is dismissed. A third time she comes back, and because of her importunity we break the hospital rules to see if for a little while we can relieve the child's sufferings. For eight years he occupies bed No. 1, in Ward F, in St. Luke's Hospital. The eight years have passed. The boy of sixteen is thinner and paler than he was. His sweet voice has grown feeble indeed, and he is humming softly, "Now the Day Is Over." His name is "Happy Heart."

THROUGH THE NIGHT

Thro' the night, thro' the night,
Bethlehem's plain in starlight slum-
bers;
Silver light, silver light,
Crowns the brow of the new-born
King.

Shadows fall, shadows fall,
O'er a manger poor and lowly;
Night-winds call, night-winds call,
Lull the rest of the New-born King.

Angel throng, angel throng,
Seek the silent, sleeping city;
Sweet your song, sweet your song,
Heaven is near to the new-born King.



HAPPY

HEART

There was a baby born in Bethlehem many years ago, and He was wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger, because *there was no room*; and later, many little helpless ones were murdered in the desperate effort to destroy the Christmas child; and when the Christmas child grew up to manhood, He made a picture of Life and a picture of Death. Life was power to love the feeble and the helpless. Death was powerless to love either God or fellowmen. This was Jesus of the Children, in Whose outstretched love no one is too small or too feeble to be welcomed; into Whose arms the most timid may come without fear; Who said that in His Kingdom of everlasting love, to be worthy one must come in as a little child; and again He said, not that it would be unprofitable to cause one of these little ones to stumble; but—strange expression—that it would be *profitable*, actually profitable, for him that a great mill stone be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depths of the sea.

Then shall the King say unto these, "How much have ye of love, which is life Eternal?"

"But, Master, we never saw you. How could we know you by faith only?"

"Do you remember that little longing face outside the toy-shop window on Christmas Eve?"

"Why, yes, we remember."

"It only wanted a doll, and you refused it."

"Yes, but——"

"It was I. You did not know me. Neither do I know you. In my Kingdom only love lives. There is no room for unlove here."

"And, ye, how much have ye of love?"

"So little, Master! There was only our part in the endowment of Happy Heart's bed, and there was something for starving children in Belgium. Those were our Christmas presents to you."

"It is enough. Look up and behold the glory round about Me; angel faces, by countless thousands, radiant with the light and gladness of Eternal love. Those are the children the Church has received in My Name. Blessed are ye, whose love reached unto the world's end. Come ye!"



CHAPEL OF ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL



THE HOME OF THE HOMEMAKER

A CHRISTIAN HOMEMAKER IN JAPAN

By H. TAMURA

Principal of St. Agnes's School, Kyoto, Japan

We have to thank Professor Tamura for this intimate sketch of the home life of one of our Japanese Christians, a product of our mission school. Both the article and the photographs have a delightful Japanese atmosphere which we have endeavored to retain.

ST. AGNES'S SCHOOL is going to celebrate its twentieth anniversary next March. The total number of its graduates now exceeds four hundred. These graduates belong to different classes of people and are in different conditions of life. What kind of women the school has produced during these two decades, what influence has been given them in regard to religion, what has been accomplished by the school in mental culture, etc., are questions which those interested in our school work would like to ask. Our school does not, like some mission schools, expect to

make all of its graduates perfect gems. Some girls receive Christian influence more gladly than others. Some rise to be excellent women, while others do not, though educated in the same school and under the same teachers; as "the same sun melts wax and hardens clay." Among our graduates we do not find a Joan d'Arc, a Florence Nightingale, a Mary Lyon, or any great notable heroine, but we flatter ourselves that a large number of them are of good Christian character, and that such women can seldom be found among the graduates of Government schools.

As an example of such excellent women, I have the pleasure of introducing Mrs. M. Miyoshi to the readers of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*. Mrs. Miyoshi was born in October, 1886. When she was 6 years old, her father, Mr. Ueda, died, leaving five little children. So Mrs. Ueda had to bear the burden of supporting the bereaved family by herself. After finishing a primary school, Miss Ueda wished to pursue a higher course of study, but her mother could not afford to educate her further. Yet Miss Ueda was not discouraged. To fight against her hard circumstances, she applied for a scholarship of St. Agnes' School, which was readily granted. How



MR. AND MRS. MIYOSHI

grateful she felt at that time was not much expressed in words, but in truth her sense of gratitude proved to be an important element in building up her character; for, after that, in her daily life, she faithfully obeyed a divine law:—"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." From this single instance we can realize how useful and valuable the scholarships offered by our American friends are in a school like ours. She entered our school in April, 1896, and graduated in 1902. As a scholar, she was tolerably good, but not so extraordinarily superior as to soar alone very high above the rest of the class. After graduation, she went to Minakuchi, a small town near Lake Biwa, and there taught a primary school for one year. She was quite successful as a teacher, but what made her much respected by the town people was not her ability of teaching, but her firm Christian character.

In the next year, she went to Osaka and was employed by a business firm as a typewriter. She had no previous experience in this kind of business, but her natural ingenuity and cleverness soon made her master of the art. Among many typists employed by the firm she was second to none. It was at this time, while she was connected with the firm, that her real, intrinsic worth was fully brought to light. She proved to be an honest, diligent worker for her employer; a filial, affectionate daughter for her parent; an affable, trustworthy woman for her friends, and above all, a faithful, zealous servant for her Saviour. While on one hand she was very busy as a typist, she was an active worker for her church on the other, showing that to work for daily bread and to engage in Christian cause can go together, and that the favorite excuse of idle Christians for their neglect, "because they are too busy," is not admissible in most cases.



THE HOMEMAKER AT HOME

She was married in 1911 to Mr. Hikoichi Janome, who afterwards resumed his former family name, Mi-yoshi. In 1912, she got a daughter, and two years later a son. Three days after the latter child-birth she was taken sick and died in a week. Early in the morning of April 22, 1914, when she felt that her death was approaching, she called her husband to her side, and grasping his hand spoke thus:

"I feel most reluctant to separate from you and two children who have a long future in front, but I am conscious that I can not recover from my present illness. I ask you to ascribe this and all other things like this to the providence of God, and pardon me for my going to Him before you do. After I die, take good care of your health. Give our daughter, Tae, to an aunt of mine now living at

Port Arthur. This aunt, I am sure, will have pity on the child and nurture her with a mother's love. As to our little son, Takehiko, give him to whomever you chose to give, but only remember that he should have a prosperous future. I also ask you to take care of my true mother and grandmother, who will, no doubt, suffer hereafter from the loss of their only domestic helper. It is not at all my wish to die, leaving you and other dear ones behind, but as I said before, this is God's will, and I must submit to it.

"I know that as you are not a strong-minded man, you will feel much disappointed at my death. So I ask you to keep your mind always firm, for though my body die, my spirit will remain with you and comfort you in loneliness. Get at once a suitable substitute in my place. Who-

ever she may be, I will pray God that she be a good wife to you, and that she and my spirit unite in helping you. Give thanks on my behalf to my schoolmates for their kindness to me during my life-time.

"Do not forget my Alma Mater. I feel very anxious to help the school in raising an endowment. What success I have had in my social as well as domestic life is the gift of my Alma Mater. Tell my schoolmates that I have an earnest desire to benefit my school even at my deathbed, and ask them to make effort to carry out my wish.

"You seem to entertain resentment towards my nurse. Natural enough, but please stop your anger; for though my illness was no doubt caused by her neglect, yet it would be useless to complain about it. Such complaints would not a bit improve my health. Forgive her fault, but tell her to be wiser and more careful hereafter when she attends other women. Then my death would not be without benefit to others. I shall be a valuable sacrifice to save other women. Banish entirely your ill-feeling towards that woman."

When she finished her speaking, she bade farewell to all her relatives and friends who were beside her; meanwhile not a drop of tears fell from her eyes, and every word she uttered was audible and distinct. Then turning once more to her husband she said: "You and I have led a happy life, mutually trusting and mutually loving with all our hearts. Storms of trouble may have raged outside our home, but we have had a cheerful, tranquil time all through. We have had no single occasion to shed tears at home; but as to-day is the first and last day for us to weep, let us weep freely as much as we want." Thus saying, she cried loudly, and so did her husband. Fervent prayers of many relatives and friends for her recovery, an earnest prayer of her hus-

band asking God to take his own life and save hers, kind treatment of doctors and nurses—all were in vain. At half past four in the morning of April 26, she suddenly exclaimed with a faint but clear voice, "O Father, take me to thy eternal kingdom," and then quietly breathed her last, as if she were going to sleep.

As a wife, a mother, and a house-keeper, she was an exemplary woman. She was kind to her husband in every respect. When a woman gets children, she is apt to neglect her husband, her love and attention being absorbed by the children, but the love of Mrs. Miyoshi was inexhaustible. When she got little dear ones, she seemed to love her husband all the more, and her attention was extended even to every minute domestic affair. She was also economical. Every waste substance was preserved and converted by her hand for some useful purpose. The whole family lived on plain food, wore plain clothes, and occupied a plain house. She was not, however, stingy at all. What had been saved through her simple life was generously spent to do others good. Especially she was glad to help the poor and needy. Once she made a present to a medical student with a suit of foreign clothes costing about eighty yen. Again, she used to give daily a quantity of milk to a poor orphan who was sick and needed a sufficient nourishment. Many other charitable deeds of hers might be mentioned if space allowed it. When she was a little girl and lived in a school dormitory, her manners and habits were found different from those of ordinary girls. Everything in her room was arranged in its proper order; all the dresses not in use were carefully folded and laid in bureau drawers; books were placed on shelves with their backs turned to the front and every leaf perfectly clean and smooth; not a scrap of waste paper, not an inch of waste thread, not a pencil, not a pin was

found lying on the floor. Slovenly girls of the present day would be put to shame if they looked at her neat room. This natural love for good order in her childhood was further developed after she was married and became the foundation of her future usefulness and success.

Finally, she was a great friend of our school. In spite of her daily busy work in the firm office, she was not indifferent towards our school. A few years ago she succeeded in organizing a club called Shoyei-Kwai in Osaka, which is identical with a branch office of the Alumnae Association, and by which the graduates living in Osaka are in constant communication with one another and held together to aid our school in Kyoto. She was a very active worker in her church, as was stated before, taught Bible classes, went out on visiting those women who needed comfort and encouragement, and especially she was so enthusiastic in helping the poor that she would almost forget herself and her family when she was engaged in charity work.

Her mother belongs to a Congregational church. It has been the rule of the committee on scholarships not to extend their help to other denominations, but Miss Ueda obtained a scholarship in some way. This help, which she regarded as a special favor, made a strong impression on her tender heart and determined her future course of life to work in connection with our Seikokwai. As orphans who have been supported by some philanthropic friends would feel

more obliged than those who have been brought up by their own parents do, so Miss Ueda felt very grateful for the assistance offered by a Mission with which her mother had no connection.

Wonderful as Mrs. Miyoshi was, she was not so widely known among Christian women as she deserved. Her social position, perhaps, was not favorable to make her more conspicuous. She was a gem hidden in an ocean cave, or a flower blooming in a desert land. A life of twenty-seven years was not very long for a woman, but the good she has done in her lifetime will survive her forever. All her friends heartily regret that she is no more.

As her teacher I feel it a sad privilege thus to tell her story to those who support the school which so blest her life.



MR. MIYOSHI AND HIS ORPHAN CHILDREN



1. The Institute yacht. 2. Group of sailors in the assembly room. 3. The new building of the New York Seamen's Institute on South Street. The tower is a memorial to those who were lost on the Titanic.

THE HOME OF THE SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE IN NEW YORK CITY

SAILOR JACK

By Ezra Everett

This treatment, in story form, depicting the temptations and difficulties of seamen, serves to emphasize the importance and value of the work which the Church is doing in her Seamen's Institutes in New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and other places.

WHEN Sailor Jack came into the little California town where I lived, and opened a candy store and soda fountain, it was really quite exciting, for the place was none too lively.

He was rather a small man, with grizzled hair, probably not much over forty, as I recall now, though he had the look of an old man, and to me, at ten, he seemed very old indeed. He had a very peculiar gait; at times he walked as though he were keeping one foot behind the other. My father found me practicing the walk in the backyard, and reproved me quite severely for mocking a person's peculiarities.

I asked him whether Sailor Jack learned to walk that way on ship-board and I remember that he looked a little queer and replied that he should suppose that keeping one's footing on a rolling ship in a storm would give one rather a peculiar gait. But he suggested that I had better not discuss Sailor Jack with the other boys, because when the people of a little town like ours got to talking about any one, especially a stranger, they often said things that were unkind. He said he believed Sailor Jack was a good man; at any rate it would do me no harm to be kind to him. He had been about the world some and could probably tell me interesting things about different countries.

My mother was less cordial about Jack, but as she and my father never let their instructions to me contradict each other, I did not know the grounds of her disapproval. I think I was not particularly anxious to know them, since I had my father's con-

sent to be friends with Sailor Jack. He was the most compelling interest in my life about that time. Attached to his little stand he had a room about ten by twelve where he lived, and he kept it as clean as a woman would, and always in exact order. There was a hammock at one side like a sailor's berth; beside it he kept a bag for his clothes, and his ditty-box. On the other side of the room he had a little stove and a tiny cupboard, and a little table which was really a folding shelf fastened against the wall. But he served delicious meals on that swinging table; I think I have never tasted better, and the occasions when I was permitted to take dinner with him were red-letter days to me. Perhaps they were to him, too, though that did not occur to me at the time. There were several years that Sailor Jack was quite my ideal. I remember at one time my mother let me swing a hammock in my room, instead of my bed, even though I had to screw the hooks into the window casings. She was always very good about humoring my whims. Perhaps she gained by encouraging me, for I kept all my belongings in a ditty-box and became very neat and orderly in the arrangement of my room. I wanted to wear a handkerchief knotted around my neck, but she objected to that.

I was as full of questions as any small boy, and Jack was very patient about answering them. I was greatly delighted when he said "Aye, aye, sir!" to me, and I think I must have cudgeled my brain for questions that required an affirmative answer. Sometimes, however, I happened upon

questions that he did not care to answer, and he would puzzle me by replying: "Port your helm, my hearty," or by some of his other ship talk; or he would fold his arms and stare at me out of his wide blue eyes until I was covered with confusion. I learned to choose my questions carefully, for when this happened our talks were over for that day.

In spite of this dangerous reef along the coast of our conversation, I managed to learn a good deal of his sea life. He was born in Maine and had shipped as a cabin-boy when he was fifteen. He had been to England, twice to the West Indies, and once around the Horn to California.

"Did you go back around the Horn, or how?" I asked him.

"I never went back," he said, and stared at me, and he answered no more questions that day.

When our acquaintance commenced, I began by asking him about steamers and the big ocean liners, but I soon found that he had shipped only on sailing vessels and had never been on a steamer in his life, and I found that he had a profound contempt for the marine service on those ships, saying that they had no place for American seamen.

I learned, too, to my surprise, that he had not been to sea for a very long time.

"Why didn't you go?" I asked "Did you like the land better?"

"Do you always do the things you like best?" he said.

I said frankly, "No, my mother doesn't let me, now, but I'm going to when I get older."

"No," he said, "you won't. Life is harder than your mother. Learn to like the things you ought to; then perhaps you can do them." He sat and looked far away from me this time, but I asked no more questions.

He was full of interesting stories about the banana trees in Cuba, and the pigs and the children he saw in

the streets of Rio Janeiro when they touched there on the trip around the Horn. He had been in heavy gales, too, and the ship had been hemmed in by icebergs below Tierra del Fuego and becalmed for seventeen days in the Pacific, and all these things were wonderfully interesting to a boy full of curiosity for adventure. He had a good knowledge of all foreign countries from reading about them, so I learned more geography than the schools taught me.

Jack was very pleasant and kind with all the boys, though I felt that he was especially my friend. At first his neighbors looked upon him with considerable suspicion. We had one of the first dry towns in the state, and such a stand as he kept offered an excellent opportunity for a *blind pig*, where liquor could be sold secretly in defiance of the law. But they soon found that Sailor Jack was as earnest in upholding the law as any one. In fact, he proved better than the law, for although the state law forbade the sale of tobacco only to boys under sixteen, no one under twenty-one ever succeeded in buying any from him; those who tried only got a lecture for their pains.

The boys generally took his lectures in good part, too. I recall one occasion in particular when three other boys and I were drinking soda water at his stand. For want of something better to do, we played that we were drinking liquor and were intoxicated. When Jack discovered what we were doing he was very angry. He took our glasses away from us, saying he would have no bums or loafers around his place of business. He read us a lecture on drunkenness that I remember to this day, and sent us home, and it was the better part of a week before he would sell any of us four anything. I thought that was the end of our friendship and resented the fact that he seemed more severe with me than with the others. Gradually

we warmed toward each other, however, and a few days later he invited me in to mess quite as though nothing had happened.

Sailor Jack had been in our town about five years and was as much a part of the town life as the school or the church. I remember I was stretched out in the sitting-room reading one day in summer. I hadn't been paying any attention to what was going on in the adjoining room where Mother was entertaining a caller, until I heard the neighbor say excitedly in a high-pitched voice:

"Yes, there's no boy in this town good enough to associate with him, but he can hang around the den of that p——"

I don't know how my mother silenced her; I didn't hear anything said, but her voice stopped as if it had been cut off with a pair of scissors. I hoped Mother had forgotten I was there. I was just beginning to feel interested, but in a moment she spoke without raising her voice:

"Ezra, go and give your hens some water; it is a very warm day. While you are there put some fresh hay in their nests and gather the eggs; you want to get through before dark."

I knew those hens had water enough to swim in, if they had been ducks, and hay enough to eat, if they had been cows; and I knew that I had time to gather a whole crate of eggs before dark, but I understand Mother's subterfuges, and I translated her order to mean:

"We are talking about something I do not wish you to hear. Go out and stay until I call you."

So I went out and mended my bicycle, and didn't come in until supper time, though I was rather curious to know what it was all about.

At supper it was quite apparent that there had been some very earnest discussion between my parents. A family decision was always reached without consulting me, and announced

as an ultimatum; so I was not surprised when my father announced that evening that I was to go on a visit to my grandparents the next morning. I had known I was to go the next week, but I hadn't heard anything about the next morning. I really wanted to ask if I might go down and tell Jack good-bye, but it was later than I usually went out, and then, too, I had a feeling that Sailor Jack had something to do with the suddenness of my vacation.

On my return home three weeks later one of my first questions was about Sailor Jack. I tried to put it very indifferently, but my father seemed to understand and said kindly:

"We will go down and see Jack after lunch. He has asked about you. There is something in his life story which perhaps I had better tell you; he wanted you to hear it and it will make it easier for him if you know it already. You know about his life as a sailor, but you probably did not know that he served a number of years in the state prison for a crime committed in San Francisco. He was probably not guilty of it. His story sounds reasonable. The week you went away he went to Sacramento and secured a full pardon from the governor."

"But why did he have to have a pardon; he was out of prison already?" I cried, full of interest and wonder. My picture of a prison convict was of a dark, evil-looking man, with a stealthy tread, dressed in a striped suit, with a knife concealed in his sleeve or his boot. I could not all at once fit Sailor Jack's honest blue eyes and mild, kindly ways into the picture.

"He was only out on parole," replied my father. "The crime for which he was sentenced was committed while his ship was docked at San Francisco. Though the evidence against him was only circumstantial, he was given a very heavy sentence;

then his case was forgotten. Five years ago the chaplain of the prison heard his story and took an interest in him. The parole law had just gone into effect, and the chaplain, who was a friend of mine, wrote to me asking me to go on his parole."

"Then you knew it all the time," I cried. "Did Mother?"

"No," my father said. "I was not at liberty to tell any one. I went down and saw him and talked to him and looked up his record. I convinced myself that he was worthy of a chance and that he would not be a source of danger to the community. When I was satisfied, I agreed to go on his bond, to report to the prison board on his conduct, and to furnish him with money to start in business. He was to pay me back as he could."

"That's why he is so grateful to you and thinks you are such a wonderful man," I interrupted.

Father flushed. "Jack has been very grateful. It was that I depended upon to insure that he would teach you nothing harmful."

I went down to Jack's stand. He was very glad to see me. He had a new suit of clothes and he carried himself with a certain assurance and air of confidence that I had never seen in him before. I had expected to find him rather shame-faced and apologetic, to think that every one knew that he had been in prison. He showed me his pardon signed by the Governor. He had it framed and hanging on the wall in his room. He was evidently very proud of it.

"That makes me an American citizen again," he said, "under the proudest flag that floats."

I didn't know exactly what to say, but he seemed to understand that I wanted to hear his story.

"I've told you about my years at sea; what I didn't tell you was that when our ship docked at San Francisco, after her trip around the Horn, I went on shore leave with the other

boys. There was one sailor that we called the Sydney Duck, because he came from Australia. He probably was what his name implied, a deported English prisoner. He was about as hard a case as I ever knew, but I was young and he appealed to my admiration, and gradually he came to have a great deal of influence over me. I had learned to do a good many things on shipboard that I did not do at home in Maine, and under the influence of the Sydney Duck I drank rum and gambled like the oldest hand on board. In San Francisco he took me and another young sailor, a boy from Halifax, out to see the sights of the town.

"He took us through the lowest dives of the city. In one of the lowest places along the Barbary Coast there was a quarrel in which a man was killed. My head was befuddled with the drinks we had taken and I do not know to this day who did the deed. I only know that I had no weapon in my hand and no murder in my heart, but we were arrested. We were brought up in court, and a lawyer was appointed to defend us, all three. We each told him our story, all that we knew, the boy from Halifax knew very little of what had occurred; he was not used to liquor either and we had all drunk heavily. Sidney Duck may have known more, though he did not seem to. And yet I never before that had seen him affected by rum, no matter how much he drank.

"Our lawyer and the District Attorney told us that we had no case and advised us to plead guilty and get a short sentence rather than stand trial. We were strangers in a strange land; we had no money and no friends and no knowledge of our just rights. So the boy and I plead guilty. It seemed there had been many such cases, and the authorities felt a good deal of exasperation, and had determined to give criminals a lesson. So when our case came up and we plead

guilty, we were each sentenced to thirty years in prison. The Sydney Duck stood trial, and after two juries had disagreed, the case was dismissed. We were kept in jail as witnesses until after the second trial; then they sent us to different prisons. I learned from another prisoner that the boy died of consumption after three years, but I stayed on.

"While we were in court, just before sentence was passed, I overheard some one in the crowd say:

" 'What a pity to send them to prison, they are so young.' It was the first friendly word I had heard.

"Then some one answered, 'Oh, buried at sea—dropped into the deeps. They're as well off there as anywhere.'

"And that was the feeling I went to prison with; I was only a drunken sailor as well off there as anywhere. At first I felt as though I had been buried at sea, dropped into the deepest part of the ocean in a leaded shroud, as I had seen the mate buried; but after a while I began to take comfort out of those last words 'as well off there as anywhere.' Perhaps I might make myself as well off there as anywhere; life was more a matter of what a man made of himself and what he did than of what happened to him. So I set myself to do the things I would have done, if I could have chosen. I could do my work faithfully, I could keep my thoughts on good things, I could help others—and I probably will never find myself in a situation in which

there are more people around me who need help. Those are the things I've tried to do, and those are the things I kept on doing after I got out of prison."

I was full of interest and enthusiasm about it, but my ideas were considerably mixed and I was trying to get them adjusted.

"Did you really wear stripes?" I said. He looked at me a moment, something as he used to when I was small and he refused to answer. Then he said: "Yes, I wore them on my back and in my heart."

I was sorry I had said that, but the thought of the discovery, and the disgrace of it all being known, was still uppermost in my mind, so I asked another question just as bad:

"But why didn't you just wait until your term was over? Things would have gone on just the same and nobody would have known the difference."

He looked at me again and I wished I hadn't said it.

"My boy, it isn't what people know; it's what you do that counts, but we all want the respect of other men. You will find when you are old and look back over your life that you have only done a few things. You will probably have worked hard; I hope that you will have done some kind things and thought some kind thoughts. Well, those things I have done. And when you die men will speak your name without reproach. *So will they mine.*"



The Dreadnought, the fastest sailing ship ever built

FROM HEAD-AXE TO SCALPEL

By the Reverend Walter C. Clapp



Hilary and His Godfather

I AM asked to tell the story of Hilary Pit-a-pit, who now, according to the Spanish custom, adds to his baptismal name—which includes his native name—the name of his godfather, Clapp.

My first remembrance of Hilary is that of a singularly attractive and sprightly little fellow, quite innocent of clothing except a loin-cloth (American "G-string") and a little *soklong*, or cap, woven of fine rattan fibers, ornamented with dog-teeth and horse-hair plumes, on the back of his long, flowing black hair. He was one of perhaps forty boys sitting at rudely fashioned desks in the old dilapidated Augustinian church, which was used in the early days in Bontok to serve as a schoolhouse. The bishop and I were up there on a trip of exploration in January, 1903, and were visiting the school. Hilary was one of the bright stars of the school and we became acquainted with him. I remember that he walked, or rather danced, down the road with me after our visit that day, and I could not help thinking a prayer that God might have him for His child and servant.

When our mission was actually started in Bontok, some months later, Hilary was very close to us. Many other boys were too, but our initial interest, and the reasons for it, persisted. We soon learned that it was not so much that Hilary was brilliant in his abilities, as that he had a native faculty of perseverance, and a fund of elastic vitality which enabled him to confront problems and stick at the task of solving them when others would get discouraged, and to recover from falls and shocks which would have disabled most boys permanently. All of our first group of boys were a capable sort, full of native curiosity, anxious to learn. Only, when it came to asking questions, I think Hilary could ask more in a given time than any other boy. Have I sufficiently indicated what sort of brown-skinned, long-haired; smiling, bubbling, interrogating, primitive human material had come to us in Hilary? Perhaps so.

It was heathen human material, and remained so for fully a year after the mission opened; believed in Luma-wig, in the Anito; took part in the Mang-mang; thought it praiseworthy to take a head; had the same standards of morality that prevailed "up in town" — promiscuity among the young people and a system of trial marriage were traditions of the race. I hope that some day Hilary may be fitted, and may see fit, to put down on paper for our benefit something—as much as he can recall and formulate — of



Pit-a-pit

what went on in his mind during that year, each day of which found him squatting in the wide-open doorway of the room in which we improvised a chapel, where from the first we celebrated the Holy Mysteries and sang our Evensong. The children used to fill both that and the broad open windows two or three deep at every service; but none of them came within the room. In the absence of any such direct testimony, we can only believe that at those times, and in the daily intercourse with the mission family in and out of doors, he gradually absorbed something of our thought and intent. There were instructions, too, of the simplest sort in the basic truths of Christian Faith, and the gradual learning of the Chief Things in such translations as, with their help, we were able to make for the boys.

But finally a long-remembered day came when Hilary was observed to squat just within, instead of just without, the doorway. Then came some earnest talks with Hilary—of his own seeking. Showing a full grasp of the spiritual import of the things which he had been seeing all those months? By no means. Rather, showing a confused notion of religion and civilization, and full of solicitude regarding the outcome of an acceptance of the new religion. Would it debar him from marrying some day a girl whose inheritance of rice fields would mean that she was rich? All such girls were now heathen, and would there ever be any Christian ones? Many such questions were propounded and our answer was that if he were to enter the Christian Way all such things must be left to the good God who loved him and would take care of him if he gave himself without condition. Then a period of hesitation; then his assent; more instruction; and then the Laver of Regeneration.

With all his admirable and attractive

qualities, Hilary was not immediately a perfect Christian. Anybody could see that he was vain and proud. The only wonder is that he was not more so. American visitors to Bontok would quickly single him out from the throng of urchins and exclaim aloud at his physical grace. In the mission we never did that, of course.

He was accused of dishonesty. It was evident that he was selfish, and that he wanted not only to know about things, but to have the things themselves. I must be excused from speaking more particularly on this head. I was not only his godfather, but his priest and father-in-God. Suffice it to say that whatever his actual faults were, he tried with all his innate manliness to overcome them, and with the aid of sacramental grace; for in due time he and a dozen others came to confirmation—the first fruits of our systematic endeavor to plant the Seed among the Igorots.

It was a great thing for Hilary and the greater number of this first group when they went from Bontok to Baguio, where under Dr. Drury (now head-master of St. Paul's School, Concord) they enjoyed wise teaching and good discipline for about two years. Then the way was opened for Hilary to go to America and for about three years he was in Trinity College School at Port Hope, Ontario. There he developed wonderfully; studied hard; took prizes in Greek, French and Sacred Studies; attained some prowess as an athlete and football player. Had his troubles, too; faults cropping out in himself; and the penalty natural among boys for a too uncautious revelation of his antecedents. But all the time, I believe, progress in



*Hilary at
School*

the solid virtues which make Christian manhood.

The question of vocation naturally came up. We have never unduly urged upon him the Christian Ministry, and he has never yet quite aspired to it. Medicine rather attracted him, and he has gone forward on that line. The time came when the bishop thought it would be unwise for him to stay longer in America. If he were to be of use in the Philippines, it was important that he keep in touch with them. Accordingly, the last four—possibly more—years have been spent in Manila, at the Manila High School and in the Junior University, in courses preparatory to a full advanced medical course. In these studies I gather from his letters that he is as of old, not the brilliant student, but the persistent one, who sometimes fails and then buoyantly gets up and tries again. He sometimes gets "out" with his directing authorities, but always, thus far, sees things rightly after a time, and is not afraid to apologize.

In physical characteristics he has changed greatly from the early days. His grace of form has departed, and now he is a short, thick-set man, passing well as a Filipino among Filipinos, his eyes rather more Mongolian than the average. He would also pass muster as a Japanese. He has the student look, from which, of course, his spectacles do not detract. His manner is frank and cordial, and his manners those of a polished gentleman (I may mention that while traveling in the bishop's company and at other times he has seen the inside of some of the best houses, staying twice at Dorchester House in London).

To one like myself, who have known him from childhood, the transformation seems very wonderful. Words are hardly adequate to describe the primitiveness and dirt of the surroundings from which he sprang. A native hut among his people has no flooring, no pretense of a chimney.

Everything of its barbaric fittings is coated thick with soot from the pitch-pine fuel burned under the rice-pot. The only sleeping apartment is a nearly air-tight and quite pitch-dark hole where the sleeper reclines on a single rough-hewn plank. The pig is just outside, and the chickens roam and roost all over the place. His father is an old, ignorant, stupid, dirty, naked Igorot, whose dominant thought about Hilary is that his absence from Bontok deprives him of help in caring for the pig and guarding the chickens. Hilary could hardly have looked for a maturity of a different sort if he had not come under the Christian influences.

The last and best thing I can say about Hilary is that with all the advantages he has enjoyed, he does not despise his own people. Twice he has spent his Manila vacations in Bontok, and on both occasions he has shown a wonderful ability to fraternize with the Igorots, mingling in their talk and games, helping them in their harvesting, yet at the same time maintaining his status as a Christian and gentleman. The end is not yet, of course. But I cannot help hoping that by God's good grace and his own Christian manliness, his virtues, already severely tested, will carry him through, and that before many years he may be settled among his own people, healing their bodies—perhaps also their souls, as priest, in God's name—a living example of the higher things of which even so primitive a people are capable.



The Hilary of To-day

CHILD LIFE IN MEXICO

By Sara B. Howland

Although Mrs. Howland is not one of our missionaries, this study of child life in Mexico, written by her and appearing in *Life and Light*, is so sympathetic and interesting that we have asked permission to reproduce it in this issue of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

AT a time when the political unrest in Mexico keeps before the world the saddest and most trying of conditions in that beautiful land, it is a relief to turn our thoughts toward one of the hopeful and inspiring problems of the future, the study of child life and its marvelous possibilities.

There is something appealing in childhood, seen in any land under the sun; and certainly it is true that no mission field presents a more beautiful type than that found in Mexico. And how many, many children there are! Snugly wrapped in the *rebozo* of the mother as she sweeps and cooks her dinner; smiling broadly from the old market basket on the floor; or rolling in the warm sunshine of the sidewalk, are dozens of the little creatures with great black eyes and hair enough to "do up," dressed or undressed, laughing or crying, but always objects of tender solicitude on the part of the family.

In the public gardens, driving in the family carriage or automobile, playing in the lovely flower-decked patios, are other groups of beautiful children, elegantly dressed in silks and laces, curled and combed according to the latest fashion. There is a separate nurse for each child, and sometimes two for one of an especially rich family, where one carries the child and the other bears the elaborate bonnet, the bottle of milk, and the immense doll, like that which delighted the heart of Jean Valjean's little Cosette. Some of these children are unusually beautiful, with large dark eyes shaded by long lashes, skin of a clear olive or fair and rosy as the case may be, chub-

by limbs and fine physical development.

The babies are usually very placid in disposition, and it is rare to see a screaming child on the street, for the Mexican is most indulgent as a parent, and the nurse is a real child-lover and thinks it impossible to do anything against the will of her little charge. "He did not wish it" is a sufficient



MAY I DO YOUR WASHING?

excuse for any failure to insist upon sleeping, eating or bathing at the expected time. It must be admitted, however, that in some way children are usually made to be obedient and respectful to their parents, for whom they are trained to have the highest consideration. The "obedient child" is always the model in song and story, and training in "manners" is considered even more important than the art of reading and writing. A "Treatise on Urbanity" was one of the first schoolbooks we saw upon entering the country, and these lessons formed a part of the daily exercises in every primary school. Indeed, it used to be our despair to see these tiny morsels of children rise and stand before the guest to deliver their sonorous names: "Juan Nepomoceno Rodriguez, at your service, Street of the Holy Spirit, number 1014," while our little ones would hasten to bury their faces in the maternal gown, having to be dragged forth, *vi et armis*, to salute the distinguished visitor, undergoing, meanwhile, a vigorous prompting in regard to their names, ages and residence. I well remember our amusement, upon returning from a walk, to find a two-year-old child seated in a large chair in the *sala*, having been brought to be presented to the family. As I entered the room, she gravely saluted me: "Good afternoon, Señorita Sara. Will you be seated?" waving her tiny hand in the direction of the sofa with as much grace as the Empress Josephine might use when inviting a court lady to share her divan. An American child of two years might have been found pounding upon the piano upon such an occasion, wholly oblivious to the claims of society.

The expression "correct behavior" is often upon Mexican lips, and indeed no people understand better how to teach and observe most graceful and charming customs. The daily life of a Mexican child is largely determined by the social position of its parents, not from

any forced distinction, but simply from the limitations of poverty or the privileges of the rich. The poorer children are early taught to do the work of the home, the endless sweeping of the house and the street, keeping the sparks alive in the small charcoal fire and picking over beans and corn. Dressed in a sack and long calico skirt tied tightly about the waist, with hair plaited in a network of tiny braids all over the head, the little mother carries about the heavy baby, clad in an abbreviated shirt, while the smaller brother, in once white cotton garments, follows the father in field or forest. What an impossible task for the mother to keep a family of eight or ten in clean clothing, on a wage of fifty cents a day, with all the cooking, sewing, washing and ironing to do! It is a marvel to see some of our families of children brought immaculate to Sunday-school, when they may not have more than one whole dress for each child, the garments having been washed and ironed on Saturday after the week's wear at school, the oldest of the girls helping to iron the clothes of the rest, with discretion beyond their years.

Mexican parents are usually very ambitious for the education of their children and are capable of great sacrifice for their welfare. With many little ones and hopeless poverty, it is very hard not to require the services of the oldest of the band to care for the "inexhaustible baby"; yet the mother patiently endures the long school hours until the happy day when her daughter shall be "received," that is, be graduated and, possibly, be able to take a school herself. With what joy does she wear her skirt of patchwork that she may buy a square of red satin for an embroidered sofa pillow, to be exhibited at the examination, or for chenille and ribbon to adorn the remarkable watch-cases and boxes of the kindergarten. In every home there are specimens of the handwork taught in the schools, the beautifully executed

maps, the dainty drawnwork so often delicately wrought on the coarsest cotton fabric, the crocheted table spreads and tidies, well known to our early days. How often have we accepted, with a lump in our throats, the gay pieces of fancy work brought as a gift of love by the fond mother, so glad to offer the only "bit of color" in her own bare room; and how often has the child gone without a garment to buy a square of fine linen to make a handkerchief for the teacher's birthday! The Mexican child loves to give, and the poorest home is often the most joyful in its sacrifice.

On the frequent feast days the Mexican family is in its glory. Every child is braided and combed and clothed, and starts forth with father, mother, grandmother and aunt to see the gaily decorated plaza, to buy long sugar canes and sticky cakes, to drink red lemonade and barley water galore. Never mind if there is no dinner tomorrow, for the memory of the happy yesterday will more than compensate, and if one were always "prudent," the children would pass a joyless existence with never a bit of *pan dulce* or molasses candy to be a milestone in a dreary path bordered with the daily ration of beans. Without the philosophy of a Thoreau to sustain, think of having always to make two beans growing where one grew before—and then eat them all!

In the zeal of a very early missionary I expected every penny earned by the people to be expended upon "nourishing diet," with the surplus of a few pennies to be strictly guarded for the purchase of possible flannel petticoats; so I paid the wages or gave the gift with the exhortation of Mark Twain's boy to the indigent old man upon whom he bestowed a penny: "Spend it wisely, but do not be extravagant!"

A New England conscience still demands that the Mexican youth be taught economy, but I own to a secret sympathy with the *fiesta*, and one of

the pleasantest uses of an occasional little gift, "to be spent as you think best," is to send off a happy little group with pennies in hand to buy toys or *dulces*. How many times have I been touched to the heart when the children returned joyfully bearing the best part of the treat for the "Señorita."

The little missionary children so keenly enjoyed the festival days that it helped us parents to understand the needs of others. How joyful was the morning of All Saints' Day, when one could buy the cutest little baskets and dishes that were ever made; and then there were the fascinating skeletons dancing upon wires and the candy skulls and crossbones. At Christmas what dear little figures of the Christ Child were laid in the manger with wax sheep and oxen standing about; and the Virgin in the sweetest kitchen you ever saw, with charming jars and dishes ranged upon the walls! Holy Week was a succession of delightful scenes, and the sixteenth of September a blaze of lights and flags and pretty dresses; and everywhere, upon a *fiesta*, there is music and color and the breath of roses and orange blossoms in the air.

As we read the exaggerated accounts of the conduct of Mexican soldiers, nearly always represented to be blood-thirsty villains, I am reminded of an exquisite touch of kindness in a Mexican officer that I shall always remember gratefully. Two small daughters with another child went forth to buy some toys, upon a feast day, and passed too near a vender of frail glassware whose goods were displayed upon the sidewalk. The baby "walked into" the collection, with disastrous re-



sults and the owner demanded payment for the broken bottles. It amounted to more than the children had together, so the wise elder sister left the two little ones as security and returned to the house for the money. The children were weeping copiously, with a crowd around them, when some soldiers passed. One of them stopped, asked the trouble, comforted the fair-haired little *Americanas*, paid the bill and had vanished before the sister returned. The Mexican soldier loves his own and everybody else's children, and we had another pleasant experience in traveling with two captains of Madero's army who were "armed to the teeth," but whose very peaceful occupation was that of drawing pictures for the small boy of the party; and a true little side light upon the hard character of General Huerta showed him riding with his automobile full of children, or stopping to pat the head of every boy he met. I do not believe that a Mexican "bandit" exists who would not care for a little child who ran to him for protection.

The love of children is one of the distinguishing traits of Mexican character, and if I were to mention the surest way to disarm prejudice and make friends, it would be to go accompanied by a baby or a group of children. The clerks in the stores always notice the little ones, and the favorite seat for them is upon the counter while an admiring group entertains the child during the time of the mother's stay in the store. Hygienic mothers might be shocked to see their offspring lifted high in the air or given a hearty kiss by a stranger; but no harm has ever resulted to our babies from the sincere admiration bestowed upon them, except, possibly an early knowledge of their infant charms. One tiny daughter turned to me, after an ardent expression on the part of a passing lady as to eyes and curls: "O mamma, what a nice lady! Didn't she talk beautifully?"

Here comes one of the great needs of the Mexican child,—careful, wise training during the formative years. Excessive attention makes the child of the poor woman beg to be carried in arms when the mother needs to be free to work, and it often makes the child of luxury helpless and autocratic. Injudicious feeding produces sickly children and the death-rate is far too large for a country of such ideal natural conditions; while unwise indulgence makes them capricious, and admiration engenders a love of flattery. Because Mexican parents love their children so devotedly, they do for them all that is in their power. Lack of wise education leads to ignorance and vice, and throughout the Mexican press of to-day, from the pen of their strongest thinkers, comes the demand for the best that can be given them to fit them for the mighty task of reorganizing a nation to meet the tremendous problems of to-day. Said a prominent Mexican lawyer, some months ago: "I did not understand what your schools were doing and I antagonized them; but now I see you were teaching what we all need to-day, the principles of true liberty."

In the reconstruction of Mexico, there has come an unprecedented opportunity for our Christian teachers and preachers. Doors have opened and new occasions have taught new duties. The onward march has begun and our work must be no longer spasmodic, unorganized and feeble; but stable, orderly and strong. We must be supported by the Church at home in a more fitting and adequate way for the great adventure in Mexico. If we unworthily let slip this present opportunity, we shall not find another; no, neither in this world nor in that to come!

The Child in Mexico appeals to us with outstretched arms that it may be restored to its birthright of happiness, of liberty in the truth, of love that shall lead it back to the Good Shepherd and to the joy of the eternal Home.

CHILDREN OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

By Clara M. Burke



KYAK OR OSCAR

His Indian name means "little boat"

THE old saying, "What a dreary place this world would be were there no little people in it," runs through my mind when I think of Alaska. Such a merry lot these children of the northland are! No matter if some of them have the burdens of grown people, you can always win a sweet smile when a kind word is spoken or when they are told to shut their eyes and open their mouths for a bit of candy. Of course this last smile is broader and shows a row of beautiful white teeth.

The child who has a father and mother is entirely unrestricted. They romp, they tumble, they play, and come home only when hungry or sleepy—oftentimes not even then. The only interference is school. The parent of a native child is most indulgent and the child rules the household. It is only when the parent is angry that the child is punished. Then a stick of wood or anything that is handy is thrown at the child, or it receives a good cuffing on the ears. It is not strange, there-

fore, that the natives have no control over their children.

What gay times the boys have playing dog-team! A few pieces of board are nailed together for a sled, a harness is made from bits of moose-skin, and from two to ten boys for dogs complete the team. The leader of the group is always the driver; if they are small boys, it is always Grafton Wallis, who, like his father, rules the village. Another winter game is football, and in this the girls join.



A YUKON MOTHER

She stands on the shore with the river behind her



GRAFTON WALLIS

The driver of dog teams and "gang leader"

Nothing do the children love more in the spring than to play at camping. A tent is made of anything that is handy, a fire is built in front, over which is hung a bucket of water for tea, and if the fish should be running, a fish stretched on a stick near the coals will be cooking.

But sad and dreary is the life led by the orphan or half-breed. For the girl it is even harder than for the boy; if she gets the chance to play at all, it must be done with a baby strapped to her back. I shall never forget how Deaconess Carter and I were impressed one evening on finding a little half-breed of nine years, named Eva, lying on the floor in Leon's cabin with rags for a covering. The door nearby was heavy with ice and the thermometer registered fifty below zero. Eva was expected to keep the family supplied with wood. To accomplish this she had to harness the dogs, go two or three miles and sometimes farther, to where there was dry timber, chop it into lengths for the sled, load it and return home, where it must be cut and split into stove lengths. The water had to be "packed," dishes

washed and if there was any of the day left there was always the baby to care for. And yet to the village people Eva was "lazy" and "no good." But with kindness, and the wise guidance of Deaconess Carter, this same child became a dear, sweet girl, and a satisfactory housekeeper. At this time she is still with our workers at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness.

I could tell the same story of little Moses, who was taken in by the Mission, barefoot and clad in a ragged pair of overalls, and a man's cotton shirt. He is now at Nenana.

Dear little Jacob did not have any happiness on this earth. Poor little man! We can't take them *all* in. His master was cruel, and though he was sick made him work. One day while hauling wood he had a hemorrhage, and if it had not been for his faithful dogs he never would have reached home. When found by one of the workers he was lying in a dark corner on a heap of rags, almost dead, with not a soul to care for him.

It is such cases as these that our two new hospitals at Tanana and Fort Yukon will help so much, for if Jacob could have been cared for two years ago it is very likely he would be living to-day.



JOHN

Who smiles with persistent regularity



A COMPANY OF ST. MARY'S GIRLS AT DRILL

FOR THE GIRLS OF CHINA

By Marion S. Mitchell

Tucked away in a corner of the compound of St. John's University stands St. Mary's Hall. When both institutions were younger and smaller the arrangement sufficed. Besides, women in China had long been accustomed to take a secondary place, out of sight, behind the men. But the Revolution changed all this, and reinforced, both among boys and girls, the demand for Western education. So we have just bought new land, at a distance from St. John's, to which St. Mary's will be transferred—as soon as money for the buildings can be obtained. That our readers may understand what it means to a girl born in heathenism, and, if deprived of help and training, facing a future as dark as that of her ancestors, to find entrance to a Christian home like St. Mary's, we print the following from one of our devoted teachers in that school:

OUR thirty-third year opened after a most anxious summer. The "Second Revolution" in China centered in Shanghai; and the fight between the armies of the South and North for possession of the arsenal kept us in suspense as to what would happen next. Fortunately, Jessfield was quite remote from the scene of battle, and except for the constant booming of cannon, we experienced no inconvenience.

The number of students was not affected by the disturbed summer, and we enrolled 207 students for the year—the largest number we have yet had. In order to make the admission of an additional number of girls possible, we built new dormitories over the kitchen-quarters which accommodate eight students. A new dining-room was also added, accommodating sixty girls.

These little additions are, however, only make-shifts to tide us over until the time when the new St. Mary's

land shall be an actual possession* and our castles in Spain shall materialize into suitable school buildings in China. At present, when we are daily hoping to start plans for the new school, any new buildings would be a foolish extravagance.

The spirit of the students has grown and developed in a most gratifying way. The girls show increasing initiative with each succeeding year. Since the Revolution, three years ago, they have been especially responsive in their attitude toward Christianity. This movement toward Christianity in the school, which had an extraordinary impetus a year ago, has gone on quietly and steadily, and proves to be a solid and healthy movement rather than an hysterical excitement. There were ten confirmations this year and three baptisms—the latter all girls from heathen families.

*This has now been bought.

The girls have kept up the various religious meetings and societies already started. The Tsing-sing-we, at Christmas, gave a tree to the little girls from the Zau-ka-doo day-school, and at Easter gave \$12 as the result of a "self-sacrifice" fund during the Lenten season. The Sung-e-we gave some Christmas plays for the poor children of the Gate Sunday-school and also contributed generously at the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary. The girls showed their new spirit of thought for others by giving more largely than ever before at the Christmas and Easter collections, which were taken for the benefit of the sufferers at Nanking and for the "little St. Mary's" day school in Zau-ka-doo.

The girls are still interested in playing golf at Zau-fong when the college boys are not using the grounds for tennis; and the Misses Graves made

it possible for a larger number to enjoy the sport by presenting ten putters to classes two and three. Mrs. Ely gave a lovely silver cup to the winner of the golf tournament. We one and all rejoiced that Miss Benyoh Tsen won it—she is so faithful and devoted in her teaching.

At Christmas we had a tree and a little play called "Christmas in Many Lands." The children found it inspiring to watch the little ones dressed in the costumes of various nations and to realize more vividly that the beloved festival is celebrated over all the world, wherever the name of Christ our Lord is known.

A most gratifying testimony to the scholarship of the school is the result of examinations given to candidates for scholarships in America on the Chinese Indemnity Fund. Heretofore 100 boys have been sent; but this year the United States demanded that ten of the number sent should be girls. Accordingly thirty-nine girls from various schools in China took the competitive examinations this spring, with the result that of the ten accepted one of our students, Vongling Li, stood first and another, Mai-yung Oen, stood sixth. It is such a step for Chinese girls to start out across the ocean to study in America, that we have much of the anxiety of the oft-quoted hen who sees her duckling brood sail out on the pond. Our hearts and prayers certainly follow these girls in their venture.

There have come all kinds of good reports from the last year's graduates. Sih-kyau Ting, for instance, has held a daily Bible class for her family and servants; Mai-pau Yang—a girl whose family has not allowed her to be baptized—opened a free day school for poor girls in her own home; Ang-pau Wang, who is also from a heathen family, came back at the close of her year of teaching to letter the St. Mary's diplomas.

We were able, during at least part of the year, to give the lowest classes



MISS DODSON, THE PRINCIPAL, AND MRS. TSANG, THE HOUSEMOTHER



THE TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF ST. MARY'S

a certain amount of foreign instruction. This is very valuable, for when children at the outset have only Chinese teachers, they form ineradicable errors in pronunciation. The normal class studied Stevenson's "Treasure Island"—after completing the required work in Shakespeare—and it was amusing to see the enthusiasm with which they took it up. "Shiver my timbers!" seemed to fit their need for expression on many occasions; and I doubt not that they felt quite a naughty satisfaction in saying: "Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!" even though their ideas as to rum are quite vague.

We are using every opportunity to make the ideals of the school a motive power in the girls' lives. This year at the "Step singing"—when the seniors formally gave up their place to the junior class—a large brass shield, bearing the inscription: "Non ministrari sed ministrare," was presented. Each class hereafter will add to the wooden back of the shield a brass plate with its year inscribed;

and the shield will hang in the chapel—a symbol of the aims of the school.

Living in awakened China, and realizing the unique opportunity the Church has here to-day, we could not have the heart and courage to go on with our work, had we not faith that the Church at home would make possible the expansion demanded by the times. All around us are heathen schools, started by the Government or by private enterprise. These schools are constantly improving in their standards. Unless the Christian institutions can keep pace with such schools in the character and quality of courses offered, the coming Chinese student will prefer the heathen school for its superior advantages. Shall our girls be driven to accept the Western scholarship without Christianity—the empty shell without the kernel which is the *raison d'être* for our work in China? It rests with the Church at home to enable us to meet this wonderful opportunity and to teach the students to know and serve our Teacher and Master, Jesus Christ.



"NO BOUND FEET FOR US!"



CHRISTMAS IN THE FORT HALL MISSION HOUSE

By the Rev. S. W. Creasey

IT was the afternoon of the day before Christmas, and in the schoolhouse of the Mission at Fort Hall, Idaho, the Christmas exercises were taking place. "Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer!" So shouted nine small Indian boys and girls as they stood on the platform, each with a card tightly held across the chest bearing a letter of the words "Good Cheer." To these little red people "Good Cheer" has a real meaning—much singing, fair-haired dolls (which they most devoutly hoped would have eyes that closed and opened), and lots to eat. Small wonder that these little ones become quite vociferous when they reach "Good Cheer." After much carol singing, and recitations by the older boys and girls, the three smallest boys (seven to nine years of age) sang "We Three Kings of Orient Are." They sang without accompaniment, for we have no organist here. The singing may not have been of the best, and doubtless the characterizations may have been awkward, but they were three little red men, unconsciously but earnestly following the same star, and as they made their simple offering one

hoped that some day their little lives, with all they contained, would be placed at their Redeemer's feet. Three little Indian boys impersonating "the three kings!" "Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

In the mission schoolhouse these little Bannock and Shoshone Indians learn English slowly, make their first letters, add their first figures, learn to read, and get much of their religious teaching. For many years they will go to the schoolhouse (they live here, save for the summer vacation), until the pictures on the wall, the teacher at the desk, the lessons taught and the influences absorbed, will be indelibly impressed upon their minds. But the process is so gradual that only at certain times does one see the results. It is for this reason that—after they are over—one is glad that there are such things as Christian exercises. The naturally impassive faces relax and brighten as they sing their carols, "speak their pieces," and enter into the spirit of the occasion.

At 6:30 we had Evening Prayer and a carol service at the church. The children marched gaily through the crunching snow, and took their places

quietly in the little church, with eyes riveted on the big Christmas tree, with its garlands of tinsel, strung popcorn and candles. The service began and the children took part in it reverently, for the Christmas exercises here are of a truly religious character. The missionary, by questions, drew from the children the story of the shepherds. After this each Indian received a box of candy and a lighted candle, and they carefully wended their way back to the Mission. The last thing we saw was a string of candles lighting up a line of little red faces. Once more, after the service, we were glad at the way our children had comported themselves in church, and could any of our friends have been present I am sure they would have thanked God that He had put it into their hearts to help these people. To see these children in church is a sufficient vindication of Missions.

It was very dark at 6:30 on Christmas morning, when the missionary and his wife slipped out of bed as silently as possible and made their way to the dining-room. The house was fairly quiet; to be sure there was a creak here and a suppressed giggle there, followed by a whispered admonition which could easily have been heard by a person standing outside. The atmosphere was tense with expectation as the missionary and his wife, standing together in the darkness, awoke the supposedly sleeping household with the words of the old carol, "Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn." Scarcely had they finished when a volley of "Merry Christmas!" made the old house shake. Never was there such haste to get down stairs; never did there seem to be so many buttons in such unexpected places! By 7:15 all were grouped about the Christmas tree. Prayers were first said, and then the presents were distributed. Every little face was radiant with happiness, and it seemed to the missionary that the happiness of

a child makes red and white faces quite similar. The dolls were a joy, and they did shut their eyes after all! Perhaps the girls love them even more than do their white sisters, because they have had to wait so long before possessing them—often seven years, the age at which they come to school.

Breakfast followed shortly, but most of us were too happy to eat much. After the things were put away the entire mission family went to church, where all took part in the service of the Holy Communion. Again I rejoiced at the reverent spirit of worship which seems so natural to the Indian child. For dinner we were more than ready; and that fine turkey, weighing fourteen pounds, which a friend of the mission had sent so that we might fare as well as the best—there was very little left of *him* when we had done with him.

The household tasks completed the children were sent out to play, and as the missionary and his wife sat down together to count over again the pleasures they had experienced, they found themselves glad that God had placed them in that corner of His vineyard where all the happiness seems to be kept. And they hoped that to the friends of the mission who had helped to make the day so wonderful for the little Indian lads and lassies there might be returned a large measure of the joy which they had given.



Part of our school on the church steps



"AUTOMOBILES AND CARRIAGES WERE LINED UP BEFORE THE CHURCH DOORS OF CHARLESTON"

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

FIRST THINGS FIRST

By THE RT. REV. WM. A. GUERRY,
Bishop of South Carolina

TO stir an old conservative city to its center and to inaugurate a religious revival is what the Every Member Canvass and the Duplex Envelope have done for Charleston.

To those unacquainted with these methods of extending the Lord's Kingdom and with the Rev. Robert W. Patton's way of presenting them, it might seem, at first sight, as if we were unduly stressing the importance of business methods to the neglect of the more spiritual aspects of the Church's work, and putting machinery and the multiplication of organization above the conversion of souls and the administration of the Word and the Sacraments. But such is not the case. Mr. Patton began by setting before his hearers the vision of a world-wide Kingdom. The great theme which ran through all he said was: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." He placed the needs of the Kingdom and the claims of the Kingdom before the needs of the individual or of the parish. He showed that if we put "first things first" all that we needed for parish support or diocesan or general missions would be added.

His appeal from first to last was a spiritual appeal. The Every Member Canvass was only the expression of a quickened spiritual life; the sacramental form of doing the Lord's business; the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Arouse

the conscience, awaken a sense of responsibility for others, present Christ to men as the one Saviour of the world, plead for loyalty to Him and His great cause, and men and women would be quick to adopt that method of doing the Lord's work which experience has shown to be the most efficient and successful. No system, however excellent, is going to work itself; and one reason, perhaps the only reason, why the Every Member Canvass has failed in certain instances to achieve results is that the spiritual preparation was not what it should have been. You cannot galvanize a dead parish or an indifferent parish into life by new methods of raising money. You must first convert the men and the women of that parish to faith in the truth of our Lord's Great Commission, and then you will have generated enough spiritual energy in the parish to run any amount of machinery.

When Phillips Brooks first went to the Alexandria Seminary, he tells us that he attended a prayer-meeting of the students. He said he had never before heard men pray and exhort one another as those men did in that meeting, and he came out feeling discouraged and depressed over the condition of his own soul. But the next day when he attended the class in Greek Exegesis he discovered that some of the men who the night before had prayed loudest in the prayer meeting did not know their Greek lesson. He therefore came to the conclusion that

there was no connection between the boiler and the engine. It is hard to say which is the worse; to have a boiler full of steam and no engine with which to work; or to have too much engine and not sufficient power to operate it. Perhaps the Church has suffered in the past more from lack of system and business methods applied to the Church's work than she has from lack of faith or spiritual power to do the work. Of course, we need both—but it seems to me just now that our greatest need is for more faith, more vision, more consecration and a greater outpouring of the spirit of God to do the work we are sent to do.

The success of the Every Member Canvass in Charleston, under God, was due to the careful preparation which preceded the canvass. On his first visit to Charleston in October, Mr. Patton first secured the endorsement of the bishop and the full consent of the clergy of the city. For one month before his campaign opened, special prayers were offered in every church in Charleston. On Sunday, November 8th, when the movement was really inaugurated, we had in every pulpit a representative from some parish in the South where the plan had been successfully tried. The Rev. W. H. Milton, D.D., of Wilmington, N. C., the Rev. H. J. Mikell, D.D., Nashville, Tenn., the Rev. John D. Wing, of Anniston, Ala., the Rev. Walter Whitaker, D.D., of Knoxville, Tenn., the Rev. Kirkman G. Finlay of Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C. Mr. Patton and myself were among the speakers. In the afternoon of the same day we held a missionary mass meeting in the German Artillery Hall, and at night again the same message was delivered. During the week following Mr. Patton conducted meetings of instruction in the afternoon and at night in St. Michael's Parish House. These were really the most helpful and in-

spiring of all. The interest and the attendance grew with each address. On Thursday night the laymen of Charleston gave a men's dinner in the dining-room of the Porter Military Academy, at which Mr. John W. Wood of New York and Mr. Patton made addresses. Friday night preparatory work culminated in a service of special preparation and final instructions to those who expected to canvass their parishes. The following Sunday morning each rector in his own church made a stirring appeal, outlined the work to be done and called for more volunteers where volunteers were needed. At 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon automobiles and carriages were lined up before the church doors of Charleston and the work of canvassing began.

On that first Sunday afternoon it was impossible to see every one in the short time allowed, but the most wonderful sight of all was the numbers of those who volunteered to do this personal work, and the social and business standing of the people who undertook it. Many of the doubting Thomases fell into line at the last moment, and some of our most conservative laymen, who in the beginning were willing to endorse the movement, but who said "I cannot go personally to people's doors and ask them for money," carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, inspired by the greatness of the cause they were representing, cast their conservatism aside and were seen running their own automobiles and actively taking part in the canvass.

To me this was one of the greatest results that the canvass achieved. Not the amount of money raised, but the witness of personal service for Christ by so many of the leading laymen and women of our city. I cannot praise too highly the spirit of unity and co-operation which prevailed between the clergy and the workers of all the

churches taking part. Without this spirit of brotherhood and fellowship, —in which the evils of parochialism were for the time being forgotten, and clergy and laity alike joined in one united effort to arouse the Church to a sense of her responsibility,—nothing could have been accomplished.

The next most remarkable feature of this campaign was that it was undertaken in the face of the greatest financial depression the South has seen in many years. But nothing is truer than that: "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." It certainly has proved so in our case. Offerings for missions, although returns are not yet all in, have been almost doubled, and those for parish support have shown a most gratifying increase.

Let no one henceforth plead hard times or peculiar local conditions as an excuse for not undertaking the Lord's work. Indeed, since this dreadful war began, so far as my experience goes, there has been no falling off in offerings to Church work. Our people feel that whatever else they may dispense with this year they cannot dispense with their religion, and whatever expense is to be cut, they are not going to begin at the House of the Lord.

Beginning with St. Philip's, the mother parish of the diocese, which has set all her sister parishes a splendid example of faith and zeal in this good work, the statistics to date show a remarkable increase for missions and parish support.

It has been impossible to get accurate figures because the canvass is still incomplete, but in round numbers, approximately; taking the city as a whole, while the offerings to missions last year, diocesan and general, amounted to only \$4,452.28, for the coming year there has been already pledged about \$7,000.00. This includes the weak missions as well as the strong parishes, and for an aver-

age increase for the whole city it is not bad. When all the returns are in at least a thousand dollars will be added to the above amount. Of course, this sum is far below what we ought to give, but it is so much better than we have been doing in the past that I find the results, so far reported, most encouraging.

After all, as I have said before, the spiritual results of this work are not to be measured by dollars and cents, but by a quickened sense of responsibility for the Church's work at home and abroad, a deepening of the religious life of the parish and of the individual communicant, and an enlarged vision and conception of the Church's great mission in the world.

What has been accomplished in Charleston can be done elsewhere, and already we have sent out one of our most devoted and enthusiastic workers, the Rev. Louis G. Wood, the efficient chairman of our local committee, as a missionary of the cause in other parishes and dioceses.

My aim now is to extend the movement over the entire diocese and to bring every parish and mission into line. The clergy of Charleston stand ready to go out and give of their experience to others. For myself, I cannot sufficiently thank Mr. Patton and those who came with him to deliver the message, for what they have done for me and my diocese. It has been a wonderful experience. I only wish that every bishop of the Church, and every clergyman who reads this article, could have been with me during that blessed week of prayer, preparation and service. I don't know what other secretaries of the board are doing to arouse the Church to her duty in other portions of the field, but I do know that the Church has no more efficient and consecrated man than the devoted and zealous priest of the Church who is the secretary of this Province.

OUR LETTER BOX

Intimate and Informal Messages from the Field

A personal letter from one of our missionary teachers in China contains the following:

I CANNOT go on single-handed much longer. We shall graduate our first class in June and after that shall not feel so much like a young school. It has been such a struggle to make ends meet since the school has grown, and this term I have had to give up several of my brightest girls because they could no longer pay full fees, times are so hard. It was very hard to lose them, but the school has no money. It was absolutely necessary to have another Chinese teacher this year and the only possible way was to pay her out of my own salary.

Under date of November 2, 1914, Bishop Graves writes:

THE congregation at St. Peter's, Sinza, has been paying the salary of its clergyman, Mr. K. C. Li. Mr. Li had only the usual Chinese education and was thus more easily supported than those who have received more thorough training and have a competent knowledge of the English language. On Mr. Li's resignation on account of ill health, of which I notified you a short time ago, the congregation made a special effort to put itself on a self-supporting basis. The foreign contributions to the support of the parish were excluded and the vestry began a systematic canvass of the parish. They succeeded in securing sufficient pledges to justify them in electing an English-speaking Chinese clergyman, and they have proceeded this week to elect the Reverend D. M. Koeh, at present stationed at Wusih. If Mr. Koeh accepts the election, I shall transfer him to St. Peter's, and

the Board will be relieved of his support. You will be pleased to know that this action has been taken on the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of this church. We are struggling very hard to bring about self-support, and to relieve the Board of Missions wherever it is possible, and the Chinese are taking up their responsibilities as well as could be expected.

The following information reached us on December 28th from Cuba:

EARLY on Sunday morning, December 20th, the Rev. G. B. Johnson was found dead in his bed in his new home at Columbia, on the Isle of Pines. For many years he had been the private secretary of the Bishop of Vermont, but about two years ago he resigned and took duty without compensation at Columbia. During this time he has been ministering most faithfully to the little congregation there, where he had recently built for himself a very comfortable home. On Thursday the 17th he came to Havana to meet his niece who was to live with him and keep his house. They went to the Isle of Pines on Friday night. On the following night she heard him breathing very heavily but thought nothing of it; but in the morning, when he did not appear at the usual time, she went into his room where she found that he had just passed away.

Mr. Johnson was a man of extensive and discriminating reading, of gentle and refined manners, a gentleman of the old school but fully abreast of the times and of modern thought; a loyal Churchman, giving himself freely to the work, and by his uniform

courtesy and self-denying labors endearing himself to all who knew him. His death will be severely felt on the Isle of Pines.



The Rev. Dr. Pott, President of St. John's University, Shanghai, China, writing in December, speaks of his future plans and his need of American teachers. Are there not those who might respond?

THIS letter will reach you about January first, when you will be beginning the work of a new year. It seems to me to be a good time to let you know what some of the needs of St. John's will be in 1915. Three men will be going home in July. I do not know whether Mr. Putnam, the Physics teacher, will return or not, but we should supply his place. Mr. C. F. Remer will be going home to study for the ministry, and will be gone at least two years. He has had the department of Economics and Government. These are very important subjects, and I wish you could find a man who had done some special work on these lines to take his place. No one on the present staff is really qualified to do this work in the way in which it ought to be done.

Mr. H. F. MacNair goes home to study for a year. He has finished three years here and under the new ruling is eligible for a year's study at home at the expense of the Board. I shall ask the Bishop to recommend him for this privilege. He has done very good work in the History Department and is keenly interested in St. John's and its development. I think a further year's study would increase his value very much, and I am sure he would make good use of his opportunity.

Thus you see we need at least three men to keep our staff up to its present state of efficiency. This is not allowing for any expansion. I should be glad if there was a prospect of an actual increase in our forces, and I am still hoping that we may get someone competent to teach law.

The Rev. George D. Harris tells in the *Church Militant*, the diocesan journal of Massachusetts, of an interesting visit to a leper colony on Penikese Island in Buzzard's Bay. This work is so little known that a summary of his experience will interest our readers:

I FOUND a splendid plant, established by the government of the State, under the superintendency of Dr. Frank Parker and Mrs. Parker, worth some \$30,000, and costing thousands of dollars annually to run it; with educated, refined, Christian people isolating themselves to look after, care for, tend, nurse, instruct and inspire fourteen unfortunates, all foreigners, non-citizens, non-taxpayers, non-helpers—a financial burden—Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Russians, Italians, Germans, West Indians, but not one American—ten men and four women.

The patients do their own cooking, mending, washing, etc. Each has a little garden plot. As there is room for forty and only fourteen are there, they live for the most part alone. Their daily routine is much as other people's save that they all come to the dispensary for medicines and to have their wounds dressed by one of the two lady nurses. All who are able to do so work at something, in the house or garden.

They seemed happy and as contented as human beings can be under such circumstances. The awful conditions are well expressed by such terms as "a life in death" and "death in life."

We held a service in the large, well-lighted room in the hospital building, where nine of the patients sat in a semicircle about me. Mrs. Parker and the two nurses were also present. A big graphophone supplied the music. Scriptures were read, prayers were offered and an address of encouragement was made. They seemed greatly interested and were most devout, and expressed deep thanks for this—the first non-Roman service held for them by an ordained clergyman.

BEING A BISHOP IN MEXICO

It is frequently very exciting, and sometimes expensive, to be an American bishop in Mexico, as illustrated by the following experience through which Bishop Aves and his family recently passed in Guadalajara, as told in a letter dated Christmas eve.

ON December 17th, the night of Villa's entry (which was greeted with great demonstrations of rejoicing) at about 10:30, as I was sitting alone reading—the other members of the family having retired—I heard the chain on the front gate rattle and went to the door, turned on the light in the corridor and asked who was there. The reply came "Please come here." I thought it was the *mozo* (man-servant) from next door, where an old American lady was ill. I proceeded towards the gate, and when within ten feet I saw some ten or twelve men lined up with their rifles and pistols reaching through the iron pickets of the fence. I was "covered." "Soldiers," I thought, "after some enemy, who have mistaken the house." The leader demanded admission. I protested that I was an American and had no one in hiding. "Open or we shoot!" was the answer. "I will get the key," I said, and turned towards the house. "No! No! Stand, or we will shoot. Call your *mozo* for the key." I called Fidel, asleep at the rear of the house. The calling awakened the family. When the gate was unlocked the leader took his position behind me with his pistol pointed over my right shoulder and fifteen men followed to the front door. Eight bandits entered the house. Eight remained in the yard, and as many more kept guard outside, where they put Fidel on his knees and beat him with their guns to make him tell where his master had his money hidden. They also deprived him of his blanket and shirt.

I tried to reassure the family by saying that they were "soldiers, who had mistaken the house." But the light showed otherwise. They were barelegged, wearing only breech-clouts,

blankets, sombreros and sandals. When the family and servants (and an Indian boy, who had come from the country to attend our St. Andres's School, and was passing the night with us) were assembled, and the chief had become assured that no other men were present, he ordered his men to point their guns at my head while he said: "We must have from you at once ten thousand pesos, or we will take you and your son (Henry) with us until it is paid." To this I replied, with a laugh (rather forced, it must have been), "I have no money for you. We are Americans, as you may see by the flag at the door. You have made a mistake." "We shall see," said the chief. "Show us the rooms. We must have your money." Four remained in the sitting-room and parlor to guard Mrs. Aves, Henry, little Mary, the servants and the Indian boy, and four followed me to search the rooms. Two held their guns at my head while I unlocked trunks, chests, wardrobes, etc., and the other two did the searching. After a few minutes a pistol shot rang through the house, and Mary, who had escaped from the guards during the confusion, joined me to say that the Indian standing guard over Mrs. Aves had accidentally shot himself in the leg. The eight men outside had rushed in, ordered the light out and locked the door.

During the next half hour little Mary was with me. She played a splendid and useful part—comedy with a tragic setting. As soon as she joined me I said to her (in English, of course), "We must play for time. Help will come." And we did. No key would readily fit though they were grunting "Pronto, pronto!" Mary kept up a constant stream of talk (in

Spanish). They demanded that she should show them at once the safe (*caja de fierre*). "Oh yes, the safe! Come this way!" And she led them into the butler's pantry and showed them the *ice-chest*. How greedily they pounced on it! And how the chunk of ice cooled their ardor with its disappointment! "No, no, *dinero puro!* *Dinero solo!* Pronto!" Next she led them into the storeroom, with its score of locked closets and drawers, which we proceeded (very slowly) to unlock. "You see, Captain, here is sugar only. And here is only flour. And here—is—coffee," etc. "No, no, money! Only money!" "Oh, yes! Well, we will now go to this next room." And we all filed into the kitchen. At this their patience, I felt, was nearly broken. Poking me with a pistol in the back of the neck and using some hard words, they followed us into Mrs. Aves' room. She had preceded us from another room under guard, and we found her trying to divide equally between her two escorts \$71.00 in U. S. bills. Then Henry came under guard and found for them his Christmas savings of \$50.00 in Mexican. Then in answer to Mrs. Aves' pleadings to give them all I had I produced from my pocket-book seventy-five dollars, Mexican. This only whetted their greed. I warned Mary to keep them away from the safe in which was a little jewelry, several hundred pesos and some American money. It was kept in a clothes press between her room and mine. And she did. After conducting them into a bathroom she led the way to my bedroom. "This, Captain, is my father's room. Here (opening bureau drawers) is where he keeps his clothes. (And they took nearly all.) And in this big chest he keeps his vestments. He is a bishop, you know—an American bishop. See! Here is his cope, and this his chasuble, and this his mitre." "No, no, shut the box! We want money. Show us the safe!" "Come this way, Captain." She tripped ahead

into her own room, turned up the light and called out, "This is my room, Captain. Come in." (We filed in—past *the safe*.) "Don't you think this is a pretty room, Captain? This is where I keep my little jewelry. No, Captain, that bracelet is not solid gold; but take it for your little girl. You have a little girl, Captain? Yes, that little watch is gold; take it. Yes, that little watch is silver. It will not run—but take it; it may please your little girl. No, there is not money in that purse, I am sorry—Oh, yes, fifty cents! No, the purse is not silver, but your wife might like it; take it," etc., etc. The five men helped themselves to everything that looked good, even to clothing. Then they took Mary aside, keeping me away with a pistol at my head, and with four pistols at her face and breast whispered to her. I soon heard her say, "No, Captain, you shall not take away my mother! I am an American; I do not lie. Captain, have you a mother? And would you like to have your mother carried off? No! My father and my brother and I will die, die for her." (You may imagine the desperation of my helpless rage.) Just then a low whistle sounded outside and the chief said "*Vamonos!*" We filed out into the parlor. Mrs. Aves was sitting where they had placed her (with Henry near) and her guard (who had shot himself) standing in his pool of blood. With the warning not to leave the house until morning, they stole away.

Fidel came in nearly naked and very cold. He said there were twenty-five, besides others surrounding the house. In a very few minutes, with the help of a ladder (the bandits had locked the gate and taken the key) and the Indian boy, we had warned the neighbors. Our material loss, including three gold watches, jewelry, silverware, clothing and money, was not as great as it might have been, and you may be sure we are thankful the affair was not more tragical.

Though I have written at too great

length, I must tell you of a pretty little sequel. When the family was about to retire the Indian boy said to me aside: "Now, my dear bishop, you have no more money. You are poor. I have a little and (here he reached in his bosom and drew out a cloth which he unknotted, revealing a few small silver coins) it is yours. And I will pray to God my thanks that your lives

are all spared." Of course I took it! So beautiful an act could not be marred and so fine a spirit wounded by a refusal. He had walked from home—thirty miles—to save that money, and he walked back feeling richer than he came. And I too am richer in heart, with the feeling that not a few of these Indians are good and true and Christ-like, and that all can be redeemed.

PRESIDENT PORRAS ON ST. PAUL

On the 29th of November at Panama City, on the Isthmus, was laid the corner-stone of our new St. Paul's Church. On this occasion the president of the Republic of Panama, Belisario Porras, was present and made an address, which the Rev. Mr. Carson, rector of the parish, has transmitted to us. That it is somewhat unique in its phraseology and Spanish in its coloring, only adds to the interest.

I ADDRESS myself to you on this solemn occasion in accordance with the desires of the rector of the Church of San Pablo, communicated to me in a courteous invitation sent me for the purpose.

Christianity does well in raising temples and dedicating festivities to the Great Apostle, to the first preachers of its doctrines.

History shows us the genteel soldier, Paul, coming out of the dense clouds of paganism, his head covered with a halo of resplendent light, well armed for defending the liberal doctrines which Christ had just proclaimed as dogmas of humanity. And his weapons were nothing more than his powerful brain, his unflinching character and his well-pointed stylus.

The story of his propaganda is without rival in history; his preaching and his letters gave to the Old World new ideas and new aspirations; his vibrating voice convinced all who heard him; and with untiring activity, when it was not possible for him to be present, he sent emissaries instructed in his theories to diffuse them in all parts of the inhabited earth; and at the same time he sent his marvelous

epistles to the cities, which are even to-day considered masterpieces in the art of expression.

By every possible means, the Sublime Apostle sought intimate relations with all countries; in society, in the family, in acts of conscience or in ceremonies, he applied in a marvelous way the teachings of the Master, clear, detailed, within the reach of all grades of intelligence, and without limits as to time or space. His success was complete. I repeat, well does Christianity raise temples to him and dedicate them with ceremony. His work is imperishable.

In this moment, across the centuries, we see his disciples gathered together in his honor to consecrate a temple to his memory. That temple signifies for Panama a material and moral progress. The first because of the superb building, which will remind us of the austere beauties of medieval shrines, and which will be a cause for pride to our capital; the second, because this ceremony signifies a new step in religious toleration, showing the elevated spirit of the inhabitants, and proclaims that all beliefs have a wide and free field of action in our freest of countries.

I conclude, tendering to the rector of the Church of San Pablo my sincere congratulations and desiring him the best of success in the noble enterprise which to-day we inaugurate.

LIVES THAT HAVE HELPED

V. FROM SLAVE BOY TO SCHOOLMASTER

By H. W.

I. The Slave Boy's Struggle

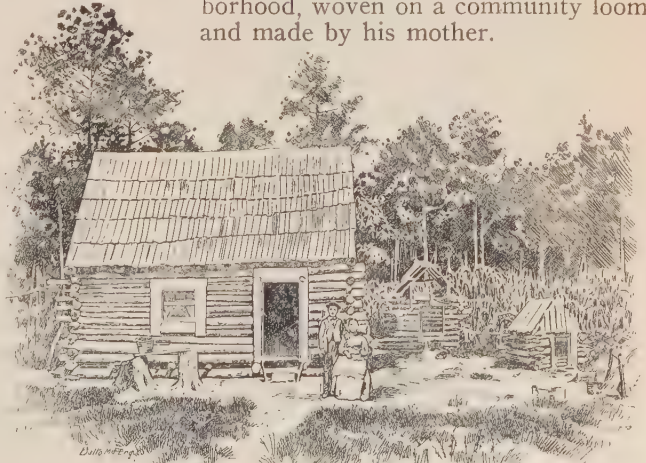
AS this is largely an issue of the SPIRIT OF MISSIONS telling what the Church is doing for the children of many peoples, I am going to tell you about its work among the black children of Virginia. While this is not a hero story after the fashion of story books, still it has a real hero, whose life has been a continual sacrifice for the good of others; whose efforts and life-work have been devoted to making the condition and life of others better.

My hero, who is still living, was born in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, fifty-seven years ago. His home was an humble log-cabin perched upon one of the green-clad hills for which the county is noted. His mother was a poor slave woman. This little boy was named James Solomon Russell. His mother named him Solomon because she hoped that he would grow up to be a wise man like King Solomon and do something to help his people.

Little James grew up a bare-footed farmer's boy and, like other little boys, worked on the farm, but he kept in mind his mother's teaching and wishes.

The childhood of this negro boy em-

braced the most stirring and remarkable days of our country's history, and he lived in the very thick of events. Born four years before the Civil War began, the most impressionable part of his childhood was filled with the march of trampling hosts and the sound of the bitter conflict. For the Virginia negro the very foundations of life were removed, and the freedom which came at the close of the war brought many difficulties with it. At eight years of age he found himself without a master, and also practically without a friend except his devoted mother. Yet her prayers were answered and the chance came for him to go to Hampton Institute, which had been opened at the close of the war by General Armstrong. Too poor to pay his way, he worked for his schooling. Indeed, his winter suit was fashioned from wool grown in the neighborhood, woven on a community loom and made by his mother.



JAMES S. RUSSELL AND HIS MOTHER BEFORE THEIR SMALL CABIN

Like Booker T. Washington and many another of Hampton's distinguished students, his years of school life were filled with few joys and much hardship, baffling difficulties which were only surmounted by high hopes and stern determination. The negro race was fighting its way upward after a long submersion, and in the hearts of its most representative young men there was the constant question, "What can I best do to help my people?" According to their gifts, some answered the question in one way and some in another; many turned to the work of teaching. Our young friend felt within him the call to the ministry and entered what is now known as the Bishop Payne Divinity School at Petersburg.

II. The Clerical Schoolmaster

Graduating from the Theological Seminary in March, 1882, Mr. Russell was ordained to the diaconate and sent as a missionary to Brunswick and Mecklenburg Counties. He went to his field of work immediately on his ordination and nine months later took

his young wife there. In the summer of the same year he built a church at Lawrenceville and opened a parish school in the vestry room. Thus the work of teaching, one of the finest and highest exercises of the ministry, naturally developed as part of the young clergyman's surroundings and the needs of his people.

This was the beginning of the life work of Archdeacon Russell, founder and principal of St. Paul's Normal and Industrial School. In three years a larger building was needed. The late Rev. Dr. Saul, of Philadelphia, was the chief contributor, and the building was named after him. This building was soon too small. Then it was that Rev. Mr. Russell, who had long wished to do something to help the children get a better education than the public schools gave, determined to open a Normal School where the young people could get a good English education coupled with a useful trade. The schools for negro children were then very poor. You would be surprised to see some of the schoolhouses down here. There has been some improvement, but even now some of them are mere log huts. The term is only five months and the schools are overcrowded. It was to help these children, to give them a longer term and a chance to learn a trade of some kind, in order that they might make themselves more useful men and women, that St. Paul's was started.

Archdeacon Russell had no funds. Three days after he had founded the school the first contribution of five dollars came to him from Duluth, Minn. September 24th, 1888, the Normal School was opened with three teachers and less than a dozen boarders. It has been going 26 years, and has been supported by money given by the churches, societies and good people in the Church. Help has come to the school from the north, east, south and west. During the time the school has been running over 4,000



ARCHDEACON RUSSELL

young men and women have been trained in whole or part here. Many of these were poor girls and boys, sometimes motherless and fatherless, nobody to help them and unable to pay any part of their way. But for the school these boys and girls could not have been educated. Money that somebody gave,—perhaps some of you who read this—helped some of these poor boys and girls. There are so many of these that Archdeacon Russell is constantly obliged to turn them away because he has no funds. Sometimes so eager are they to come to school that they will walk many miles to get here. One boy, accompanied by his father, walked eighteen miles through the snow in order to get to St. Paul's. He had all of his belongings in the little bundle on his shoulder. The school has many such appeals.

III. Some Lives That Were Helped

I said the school had had over 4,000 graduates and undergraduates. These have gone into many communities and I know you would be interested in knowing what some of them have done. Not all who come to us for help are children. Sometimes grown people come and want to enter school, so as to learn how to read and write. One such case is that of a man who is now the rector of a self-supporting colored church in a large Southern city; a man who has influenced hundreds of lives, built two splendid churches, presented over 300 people for confirmation since he began his work, and is a power for good with his people. Yet sixteen years ago this man came to the school, a grown man, unable to read or write, and so poor that he could not pay his way. Work was found for him, he paid his way through school, and then went to the



THE OLD AND NEW HOME OF A ST. PAUL'S GRADUATE

Bishop Payne Divinity School, Petersburg; he finished there, and is now a priest of the Church.

Another student worked his way through school, went to a North Carolina city to teach a public school. It was a little one-room school. He went about among the people, got them interested in having a better school and soon had a two-room school. He has kept up his work, and now instead of the one-room school there is a splendid building and a fine graded school, employing fourteen teachers besides himself. He is the principal. He also built, with money given him by both white and colored, a hospital for consumptive colored people, the only one of its kind in the state, and perhaps the only one in the entire South. This hospital was opened for use on the 22nd day of September last. The building cost \$15,000, of which the white people of his own town gave \$5,000. The building was erected by another St. Paul student by plans suggested by the principal.

Another is the case of a young wom-



The Boy and His Father Who Walked Eighteen Miles Through the Snow

an who went from here to her home in the country. The people had an old tumble-down schoolhouse. The community was over 20 miles from a railroad. Being a devoted Churchwoman she began to teach and also to work in the Church. She influenced the people of the neighborhood to take more interest in their children and send them to Sunday-school and day school. She got into touch with friends in the North and now she has succeeded, with their help and the efforts of her people, in erecting a comfortable school building. She has also built a rectory, and now a minister is stationed there, who is also a graduate of St. Paul's. They have a good Sunday-school; I wish some of you could be present at one of the Christmas festivals and see the looks of joy and gratitude on the faces of the people as the presents,—gifts of generous friends North,—are distributed.

But it is not only the children of the whole South who are benefited; even those of Africa and the isles of the sea feel the influence of this life "that has helped." The school has several African boys now who are studying to fit themselves to go back to their homes and help lift up their people who are mere savages. We had one young man from the Gold Coast who finished here, and after doing some special work will return to his home to carry light to his fellow countrymen. A young man came from Porto Rico who could not speak English. He was put into the steam engineering division, graduated and is now Government inspector of plumbing for the Island.

St. Paul's Normal and Industrial School has a wide scope. It seeks to educate the negro for service of every sort, not only through book-knowledge but in handicraft. The unique program presented at its recent commencement well illustrated the versatility of its work. The students gave practical demonstrations of the



THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOLHOUSES

various trades they were learning. Thus the tailor measured and fitted a suit, the plasterers were at work on a section of wall, the printers had a press on the stage and ran off a job, all in view of the audience. The academic department was represented by a miniature schoolroom where one of the graduates gave a lesson in penmanship to very young children. A graduate of the department of engineering and electricity gave a most interesting talk on "Light," beginning with the old-time candle and culminating in the Mazda lamp, all illustrated with examples of the work done in the school. The state superintendent of education, who was one of the guests, expressed his conviction that St. Paul's was doing a great public service,—an opinion which was shared by all who were present.

IV. Social Results

But it is in Brunswick County itself, and in what might be called an indirect way, that the most marked work of the school has been done. When the school was opened the colored people of Brunswick owned very little land and lived in very poor homes,—oftentimes merely log cabins, with chimneys of sticks and dirt instead of brick. Sometimes there was only one little window, and they had few of the

comforts of home. The schoolhouses were all of one room, many of them were built of logs, with backless benches for seats. Sometimes a piece of two-inch scantling at the top served for a back. Some of the schoolhouses were so poorly built that one teacher, in reply to the question as to how her building was ventilated, answered: "Through cracks in the logs." I am glad to say these conditions are now for the most part gone; due to the fact that the school has taught and showed the people better things. It has done this largely through boys and girls who come to the school and go back and try to put into effect what they have learned at St. Paul's School. They go home and stir up the old folks to build a better house, to pull down a ramshackle porch, to put in window-panes instead of stuffing the holes with old coats, pillows, rags, etc., to put on paint and whitewash, and brighten up generally.

The photograph on page 127 shows a home before a St. Paul graduate was married and went there to live, and the change that has taken place since. All over the county this sight may be seen,—the old house at one side, speaking of the old order of things, and the new house close by, showing the great change in ideas and the manner of living brought about by the new order.



HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES, WILSON, N. C.
Founded and Erected by St. Paul's Students

The old-time log-cabin is fast disappearing; in fact, one is rarely built nowadays. Frame houses of two, three, four and even more rooms have taken their places. The schools are also better. Here is an illustration of two schoolhouses. The old one (page 129) was in use for years. In this building—16 x 24—70, 80 and even 90 children used to crowd. I say crowd, because it was impossible for them to sit comfortably on benches. These conditions continued until graduates of St. Paul's began to teach there. Under their leadership the two-room school was built. It has patent desks and maps, and it properly ventilated. The people, too, raised nearly half of the money it cost to erect the building; the School Board furnished the balance. To show the interest the people now take in education, they will extend the school term one month longer by paying the money out of their pockets. In four years they have raised over \$4,500 for extending the term and for improving schoolhouses.

For many years St. Paul's itself has

become, in summer time, the scene of a two-days' conference to which all the farming population of the county is invited. The questions discussed relate to crops, farms, morals, climate, land-buying, schools, churches, taxes and the county fair. The educational influence of these gatherings has been great. Negro tenants are becoming owners of land and the price has risen from \$20 to \$30 an acre. New homes are being built, cooperative enterprises established, and the whole social and moral atmosphere of Brunswick County is being improved by the fact that St. Paul's School exists within its limits.

Archdeacon Russell is at the height of his usefulness, vigorously prosecuting the work to which he has given his life. No man has a larger right to expect the sympathetic cooperation of the Church in the maintenance and development of a work which has contributed so largely to the upbuilding of good citizenship and sound religion among the negro race.

"FROM SLAVE-BOY TO SCHOOLMASTER" IN CLASS WORK

PREPARATION FOR THE LESSON

THIS lesson opens up the whole subject of Church work among the negroes in the United States. All manner of suggestive material may be found. Of course the background of slavery must be sketched in. A fair familiarity with the Civil War and its causes is presupposed. With regard to our negro work in general, send to the Literature Department for leaflets 700 and 709 (free).

The emphasis of this article is upon the educational features of this work. You should know something of the American Church Institute, which was incorporated to co-ordinate our educational work among the negroes. Apply to the Secretary, 416 Lafayette Street, New York.

With regard to the special work of St. Paul's School, Lawrenceville, Va., and of our other large normal and industrial school for negroes, St. Augustine's, Raleigh, N. C., leaflets may be had by sending to the Literature Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, or to the schools themselves. In recent files of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* covering the last two years may be found informing articles as follows: On the general work, February, 1913; on our negro schools, July and September, 1913, and July, 1914.

To those who wish to go more thoroughly into this matter and present it to their classes with more detail, we would recommend "John Henry Climbing the Upward Path," a series of six lessons on our negro work, with 28 illustrations. May be obtained from the Educational Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. Price, 15 cents postpaid; \$1.50 dozen.

THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

Perhaps the best point of contact with the minds of your children is contained in the word "slavery." Its history in Africa and in the early days of this country is tremendously interesting. The temptation will probably be to dwell too much upon it. Try to paint it briefly but vividly, and make them feel what it would mean to be a slave, even under such comparatively satisfactory conditions as existed in Old Virginia. Remember that the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" type was *not* the prevailing form of slavery.

Next show them the freed man trying to climb out of the pit of ignorance and

apathy into which he had been cast, and next his endeavor to draw his people after him. It is a wonderful story if you can tell it with sympathy and conciseness.

TEACHING THE LESSON

This lesson is given under four divisions:

I. The Slave Boy's Struggle.

1. Describe Archdeacon Russell's childhood.
2. What did he owe to his mother?
3. Tell something about Hampton Institute.
4. In what different ways might a young negro aspire to help his race?

II. The Clerical Schoolmaster.

1. Why such special emphasis on negro education?
2. How did Archdeacon Russell go about his task?
3. Tell of his normal school work and its ideals.
4. Give some results of negro education.

NOTE—The colored race has raised its percentage of literacy in fifty years from 3 per cent. to 78 per cent. In the last decade the advance was 14 per cent. No other race has ever equalled this rate of progress.

III. Some Lives That Were Helped.

1. Give one or two instances of students who have rendered conspicuous service.
2. How does this work extend beyond our national boundaries?
3. What sort of commencement exercises had they at St. Paul's?

IV. Social Results.

1. What is the mission of a school to the community in which it is located?
2. How is St. Paul's, Lawrenceville, working this out?
3. Give concrete instances of social service.
4. What should the Church do about all this?

In classes or schools where it is possible we would suggest the use of the following prayer for the negro work.

O Lord, our Saviour, Who hast told us that Thou wilt require much of those to whom much is given; grant that Thy Church may more fully discharge her responsibility to extend Thy Kingdom among the Negro people in our land. Raise up native ministers to lead them in the paths of righteousness. Guide them in their work and send down Thy blessings, temporal and spiritual, upon all members of this race. All this we ask in Thy Name. *Amen.*

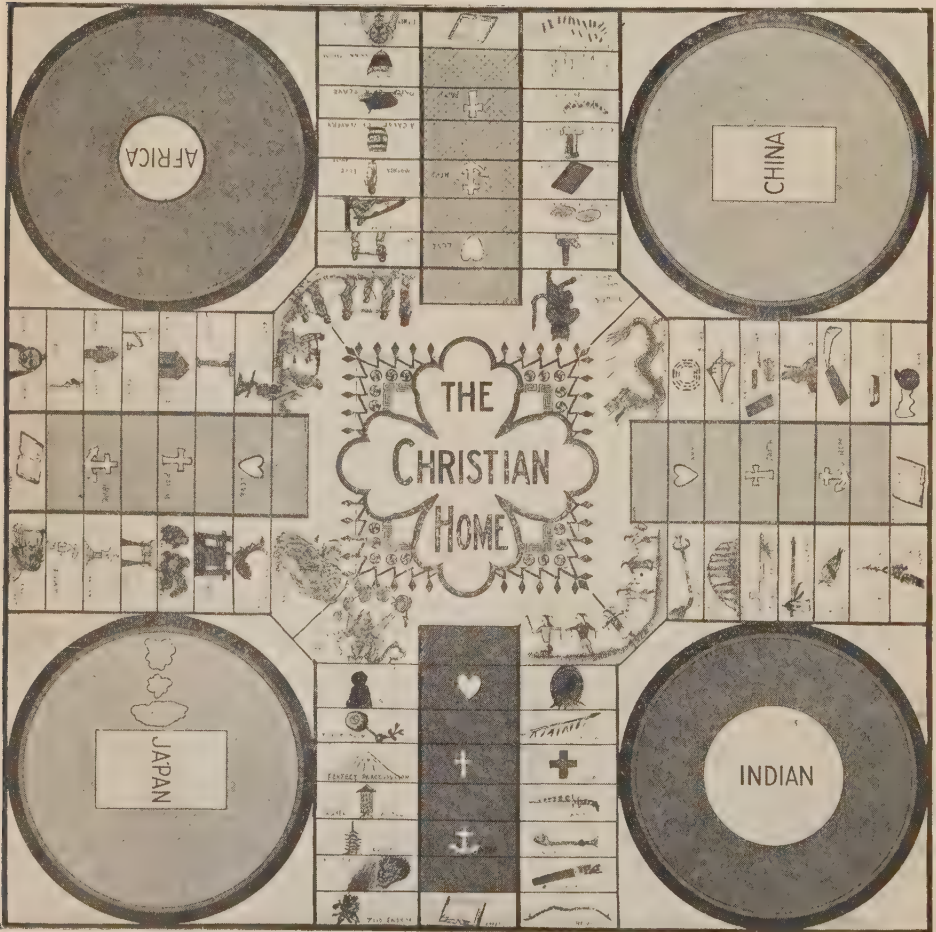
THE GAME OF "HOME"

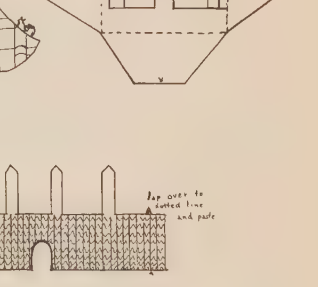
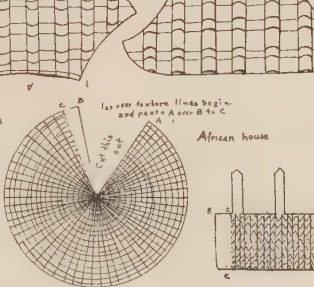
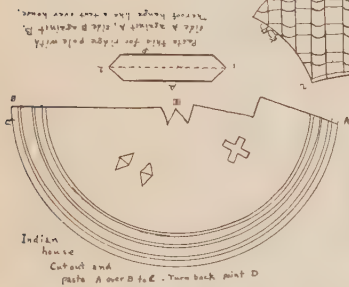
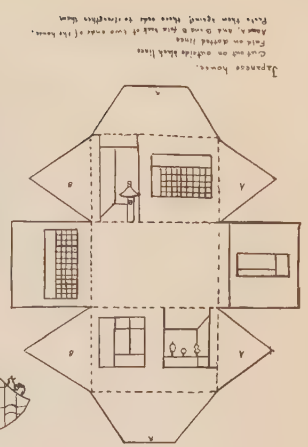
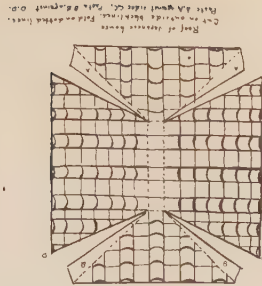
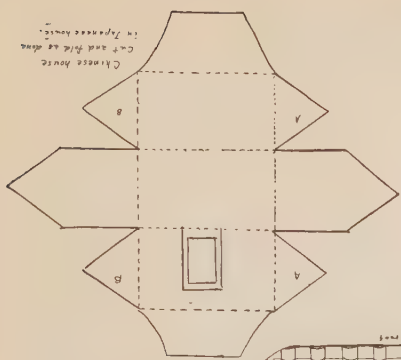
THIS game, which is being put out by the Educational Department, has been carefully worked out by Miss Sarah L. Payson. It is intended to present instruction by appealing to the play instinct of the child. As a game it corresponds closely with Parchesi and is played in much the same way. Added details of the board and the figures are intended to be the means of conveying instruction.

Africa, China, Japan and the American Indians are the missionary figures chosen. The whole plan is worked

out to convey the maximum of information with a minimum of effort, and to stimulate direct inquiry in the mind of the child.

After one or two games have been finished and the players have become familiar with the various designs and pictures, they will begin to ask such questions as: "I wonder what that tomahawk is here for?" or, "I wonder what those three monkeys are doing?" or, "I wonder why the Indians always start on the star?" or, "Why can the Africans only begin on the square marked 'Mother Love'?" or, "Why





have we got to get on Faith, Hope, and Love before we get Home?"

The psychological and sociological questions underlying the game have been carefully studied, and the information given is historically correct.

The board may be colored by the children themselves, and the cut-out work, as shown, done by them.

An entire outfit, with full directions for preparing the material and playing the game, is sent postpaid for fifty cents. Apply to the Educational Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

REFERENCE MATERIAL FOR CLASSES

The following from THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS for January will be useful in studying the "Social Aspects":

Frontispiece, The Graduating Class of St. John's University.

Land Bought for St. Mary's, p. 9.

Appreciation of Our Hospital, p. 12.

Human Brotherhood. By Bishop Brent, p. 17.

Chinese Christian University, p. 21.

A Side Issue, p. 27.

For the Girls of Oklahoma, p. 34.

Main of Hangchow, p. 47.

ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE MISSIONARIES

Anking

Rev. E. J. Lee and family sailed from San Francisco January 9th on the S.S. *Mongolia*.

Hankow

Deaconess E. W. Riebe and Miss E. G. Dexter, sailing from San Francisco on the S.S. *Manchuria*, December 12th, arrived in Shanghai on January 6th and proceeded to their station.

Kyoto

Mrs. George M. Laning with her two children left Tokyo on December 11th en route to the United States.

Rev. Isaac Dooman, en route to the United States, sailed from Kobe on the S.S. *Korea*, December 28th.

Porto Rico

Miss Frances Cuddy, returning to the field, sailed on the S.S. *Coamo*, December 26th.

Mrs. L. M. A. Haughwout and children sailed from New York on the S.S. *Brazos*, January 9th.

Shanghai

Mrs. John A. Ely left New York December 31st and sailed from San Francisco via S.S. *Mongolia*, January 9th.

Rev. J. M. B. Gill left San Francisco on the S.S. *Manchuria* December 12th and arrived in Shanghai January 6th.

Professor and Mrs. F. C. Cooper, returning after furlough, sailed from England on the S.S. *Mongolia*, January 23rd.

Miss E. M. A. Cartwright, returning to the field from her home in England arrived in Shanghai, November 22nd.

Tokyo

Miss Bessie Mead, after regular furlough, sailed from San Francisco on the S.S. *Mongolia*, January 9th.

MISSIONARY SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of clergy and other missionary workers available as speakers is published.

When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to Mr. John W. Wood, Secretary, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Church Missions House Staff

The President and Secretaries of the Board are always ready to consider and so far as possible respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Secretaries of Provinces

I. Rev. G. W. Davenport, 984 Beacon Street, Newton Center, Mass.

II. Rev. John R. Harding, D.D., 550 West 157th Street, New York.

III. Rev. G. C. F. Bratenahl, D.D., Room 810, Woodward Building, corner Fifteenth and H Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.

IV. Rev. R. W. Patton, 412 Courtland Street, Atlanta, Ga.

V. _____
VI. Rev. C. C. Rollit, 4400 Washburn Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

VII. Rev. Henry Eckel, Sr., 211 W. Market Street, Warrensburg, Mo.

VIII. Rt. Rev. G. C. Hunting (acting), Reno, Nev.

Alaska

Rev. C. E. Betticher, Jr.
Rev. J. W. Chapman.

China

Rev. Arthur M. Sherman.

HANKOW: Dr. Mary V. Glenton.

SHANGHAI: Dr. W. H. Jefferys.

Spokane

Rt. Rev. L. H. Wells, D.D.

BISHOP BREWER, of Montana, has very generously offered to give the Board of Missions three months, from about the middle of January to the middle of April, for speaking on behalf of the general missionary work of the Church. He will make no special appeals for Montana, or for any other field. Everything that he does will therefore be a direct help to clergy and congregations in their endeavor to give the full amount of their apportionments.

Bishop Brewer is generally known as the father of the apportionment plan; he is an effective speaker, and his long experience in the domestic mission field enables him to tell graphically what has been done and what still needs to be done.

Work Among Mountain People

Rev. W. B. Allen, District of Asheville, (in the North after February 1st).

Work Among Negroes

Representing St. Paul's School, Lawrenceville, Va.: Archdeacon Russell, Lawrenceville, Va. Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Matthews Court House, Va. Mr. Alvin Russell, 500 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Representing St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C.: Rev. A. B. Hunter, Raleigh, N. C.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

CHRISTMAS IN THE MISSION FIELD

Every year boxes are sent out from the Woman's Auxiliary, especially from its Junior Department, to evidence love and good will to the people in our mission stations, and to add to their Christmas joy. We are glad to print some of the letters which have come to us from some of our United Offering Missionaries, telling of the Happy Christmas passed this year in some of the places where such boxes were received.

AT VALLE CRUCIS, ASHEVILLE DISTRICT

By Mary E. Horner

THE school closed for the holidays on December 22nd, when we presented six scenes from the Infancy of Our Lord, with accompanying hymns. Of course, we began with the Annunciation, while behind the scene the school girls chanted the Magnificat. Before the presentation of each picture Mr. Timkins gave a lucid description of what it really meant, so that the youngest child could not fail to understand that God was made Flesh and dwelt among us. He further explained that God's love for man was thus made manifest, and our gifts on the tree were the expression of that love to men of good-will. We had a large audience and a very attentive one, and I am sure the people will be better for that evening's entertainment. The school girls certainly appreciated the beauty of it all and realized as never before the deep meaning underlying all life.

After singing some carols in unison, we lighted the tree and distributed two hundred and seventy-five gifts for Holy Cross Mission and the school combined. These gifts came chiefly from the Juniors of South Carolina, and from the parish where Mr. and Mrs. Seagle now make their home, for they still carry the needs and joys of Valle Crucis in their hearts.

Other boxes came from Brooklyn, N. Y., and Madison, Wis.

Before going to their homes, the girls put up the Christmas greens in garlands of fir and pine and laurel, and both the chapel and prayer room were beautiful. The boys and women of the valley helped, and altogether we had things in readiness for the Great Feast quite to the satisfaction of our missionary, who put the star in place himself. The services and the tree here, together with those for Dutch Creek and St. John's, kept him busy. For us at Valle Crucis, he had two celebrations on Christmas Day and an early celebration on each of the succeeding Saints' Days. Most of the communicants from among the girls remained at the school for the Christmas services, which gives you a conception of our appreciation of the Divine Service.

We resumed school work on the Epiphany, as has been our custom. Some of the girls returned in time for the celebration at 7:15 a. m., and the others, including some day pupils, came for dinner at 6 p. m. This is really our Christmas dinner. For place cards, we laid a gift at each cover, a clever custom I learned when at St. Faith's. This year to each of the girls large enough to sew we gave a furnished sewing-bag and writing-paper, and to our Faith babies a doll; for the teachers and our missionary and his wife, we followed more closely the style at St. Faith's of making merry.

We thank all who brought us so much good cheer, and we are happy to send back the greeting with right good

will and wish you a prosperous New Year in carrying the Good Tidings to all peoples.

AT WHIRLWIND, OKLAHOMA

By Harriet M. Bedell

CHRISTMAS at Whirlwind was a very joyous one, made so by the help of our Juniors and women of the Auxiliary. All the boxes were such good ones and much care seemed taken to send what would give pleasure and comfort to our Indians.

Several days before preparations were made. On Wednesday, Howard Standing Bear, who had been given charge of the church decorations, with the older schoolgirls, and assisted by David Blind Bull, started work. Very soon the call came for more help. Paul Chicken Hawk and Theodore Turkey Legs were accordingly sent into the camp for volunteers. Slow Smoker, Shaking Herself, White Buffalo Woman, Laura Young Bird, Winona Turkey Legs, Alice Little Hand, Mrs. Warpath and Mrs. Antelope Skin responded. By Thursday afternoon all was completed, and it certainly was beautiful. The Indians are naturally artistic, and they had put their best efforts into their work.

Thursday was bundle day, as we laughingly called it. With the help of Marshall Chicken Hawk, Robe Red Wolf, George Blue and others, a huge pile of bundles was made ready to carry to the guild house.

While we were working, it was decided to sing Christmas carols at midnight through the camp, and Robe said he would see how many would go. Quite a number responded. We went first to Turkey Legs camp, and sang "O Come, Let Us Adore Him." At Big Horse and Blue Camps several joined us, and we all proceeded to go up on the hill. There we sang

"It Came upon the Midnight Clear," "Angels from the Realms of Glory," and "Shepherds in the Field Abiding." We stopped at the home of the Indian deacon and at the camps of Blind Bull, White Wolf and Antelope Skin. Quite a number came out to show us how pleased they were. Mrs. Tall Meat said enthusiastically "*Epiva! Epiva!*" As we separated for our homes, we sang "O Come, Let Us Adore Him," and from different directions the strains could be heard growing fainter and fainter, "O come, let us adore Him."

There was service in the church on Christmas morning. At the ringing of the bell Old Blue called the thunderous Indian call, bidding all to come. The school, as usual, came in a body. The Rev. David Oakerhater conducted most of the service in Cheyenne, and interpreted Mr. Beach's splendid Christmas sermon. In the afternoon, William Tall Bird and his assistants came in for the trimmings for the Christmas tree. In a short time they came back saying all was finished. How pretty it was! They had decorated the guild room effectively. Very early the people began to gather for our festival. There was a short service, with addresses by Mr. Beach, our Indian deacon, Chief Turkey Legs and Blue; then the school told the Christmas story in different ways, and sang the carols that are sung wherever the Church is found. After singing "Gather Round the Christmas Tree" the gifts were distributed. All were very happy, and after the school sang "Farewell to Thee, O Christmas Tree," there were closing prayers, and the Christmas of 1914 was over.

We all heartily thank those who helped us, and ask that we may have continued interest and prayers, that during the following year more of the Indians may realize that the great gift that God gave on the first Christmas night is for them.

AT BALSAM, ASHEVILLE DISTRICT

By E. M. Portner

WE had our Christmas tree at 2 o'clock Christmas Day, at the schoolhouse. It rained steadily all of Thursday and Friday, and if we had had any way to get word to the children, we should have postponed the tree until Saturday or Monday, as the roads were so muddy and wet we feared many could not get here. By 2 o'clock, however, our rooms were well filled with men, women and children, who soon forgot the weather in delight over our beautiful tree. Only a few of our youngest children and some who live three or four miles away were absent.

The children sang their carols so well and so prettily, and then, through the kindness of many friends in Florida and Louisiana, each member of our Sunday-school received a gift, candy and an orange, and we were able to give candy and an orange to all visitors as well. A gentleman of Orlando, Florida, sent us oranges, and a merchant here gave us a bucket of candy to add to what our missionary sent us. Two of our neighbors went several miles into the mountains and got a lovely balsam tree for us, and when it was covered with ornaments and many little lighted candles it was a beautiful sight, and we had the only Christmas entertainment at Balsam.

If I had a kodak, I could have sent you some pretty pictures of our school children. First, the boys hauling the box and barrel of Christmas things from the station on a sled they had made themselves, and then, the next day, about twenty of the larger boys and girls, one behind the other, coming down the snow-covered hill, with arms full of holly and other greens to decorate the church. They always look forward eagerly to this trip after greens and the making of the wreaths

and garlands for the church and school room. Two small boys undertook to tie greens on the chancel and choir stalls, and I was amazed to see how well they did it, and how quiet and reverent they were about it. We only filled the altar vases and the girls and boys did the rest, and very sweet and pretty our lovely little church looked when they were through.

The missionary was not able to be with us then, but gave us our Christmas Communion on the 27th. I believe the people here are realizing more truly each year what Christmas means, and we were so sorry they could not have morning prayer and a Christmas talk as well as the Holy Communion. We have Sunday-school each Sunday at 10 a. m., with good attendance. Our Advent Offering was \$9.50—not a large amount, but times are hard here. We feel sure all did what they could.

AT EASTOVER, SOUTH CAROLINA

By Julia L. Clarkson

WE received five packages from the Pennsylvania Juniors for the children of St. Thomas's Mission, and so I had a beautiful tree for them. Some friends gave us a good many new ornaments and ropes of tinsel, which made a gorgeous tree.

On Christmas Day it poured in torrents, so we had the tree the day after, which was bitterly cold. I had a fire made early, and long before the appointed time the children began coming. Some walked over five miles and almost every child connected with the mission was there. While waiting for 3 o'clock, I amused them with the Victor machine given us last year by some ladies in Philadelphia, and a constant joy to the people. When all had gathered I asked some questions on Christmas (from the catechism written for them by my mother); they sang a hymn, and then the curtains were drawn apart and the tree appeared in

all its glory. One of the men of the mission had lit the candles which he continued to watch in case of a conflagration. I called the names, and each child received a gift, a bag of candy and an apple. We had sufficient candy and fruit for even strangers who came to see the tree. They had such a jolly time I hated to break it up, but had to send them home at last, it was getting so late. I had enough gifts to take some to the little Emmanuel Mission also.

I am so glad for the useful gifts which came. My people are poorer than usual this year on account of the cotton situation and lack of employment. As a rule, the white landlords and merchants are kind, but they are hard pressed themselves.

Very few of the children had any other Christmas cheer but that provided at the mission. Yet poor as they are, they brought their Advent offering. One boy had worked for me and he put all that I paid him in his mite box; a little girl sold her primer (she had advanced to a First Reader) for ten cents, and put all of it in her mite box. I hope they are learning the blessedness of giving. We thank you for sending St. Thomas's Mission to the Juniors, who provided such a happy Christmas for the children of the Mission. St. Thomas's Woman's Auxiliary met this afternoon. They are making a patchwork quilt, which, when completed, they hope to sell and contribute the money for general missions.

GUANTANAMO, CUBA

By Sarah W. Ashhurst

I have so much to tell you of our Christmas here, that I hardly know where to begin.

We had been preparing for weeks for our festival and Christmas services. Mr. Watson and I both felt that a great deal was at stake, and that much depended upon the success of these services, so he, to counteract the influ-

ence of the Lodges (all our colored people, nearly, belong to one of the three lodges that are in the habit of having a watch service Christmas Eve, followed by much feasting and drinking and careering around the streets, coming to their Communion at 4.30 A. M.), planned a service at eleven o'clock Christmas Eve, followed by a procession and Communion at twelve midnight.

We had a *chêche* in the church, and some of my school girls and some of our small Sunday-school boys brought us lots of green, "*yazmin de noche*," which has a very pretty, glossy green leaf, and lots of *crotons*, and we decorated the chancel, and banked up all behind and around the *crèche*. On the altar we had poinsettias and *crotons*, in large vases, and the glorious red single hibiscus in smaller vases. It really looked lovely! One of the younger men came to help, and he and Mr. Watson did most of it, and I helped. Mercedes cleaned the extra brass candlesticks we had on the altar, and led the two expeditions for greens. Teresa was helping at home, doing last things for me.

We rented a lot of extra chairs for the church, and the church was packed—over two hundred people, and many who couldn't get in. Just before the service, at about 10.30, we had a hard earthquake shock, and another one during the service, and when all the candles were lit for the procession, one of our choir girls put the candle too near her veil, and it flared up, giving us all a frightful scare; but it was quickly put out, only resulting in her forehead and front hair being burned. But she took her part in the festival, Christmas night, as if nothing had happened. Each one in the procession carried a lighted candle, and we marched out the chancel door of the church, singing "O come, all ye faithful," and in at the front door, back to our places. Then came the Communion service. Over two

hundred people were in the procession, and twenty communicated. There were fourteen at the 4.30 A. M. service, and eight at the 8 A. M., making forty-two in all. Many others came to the Communion on Sunday. The midnight service was wonderfully impressive, and all the congregation were very enthusiastic about it, as about the Sunday services, also, when again there were immense crowds. Mr. Watson knows just how to treat these people. His sermons are so simple, practical and spiritual, a great help to all of us.

My part of Christmas was especially the Sunday-school festival, which came off on Christmas night, at seven o'clock. We rented a hall, a miserable barn of a place, just opposite the church, but the best we could get. We had a *guasima* for our Christmas tree. My friends of the Auxiliary at Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, sent us lovely presents and tree ornaments, and the girls and I had dressed one dozen and a half dolls, and made workbags for some of the older girls, so the presents were nicer than they had ever had before. The tree looked lovely, though it is hard to get used to an ordinary

tree with leaves as a Christmas tree! The two plays, one of them "The Nativity," were great successes. The little children were represented in many short recitations. We must have had two hundred and fifty people present, and many were turned away for lack of room. We gave all our own Sunday-school scholars free admission, charging twenty-five cents for adults and ten cents for children outside of the school, and have made about thirty dollars, which is for the benches we want to put into the church. This entertainment was gotten up under the auspices of the woman's guild. We served ice-cream cones and cake to all. Altogether every one has pronounced the evening a great success. They say they never had anything like it before. As Mr. Watson says, we have set quite a pace to live up to! Such crowds have never before been in the church. Our Sunday-school now numbers ninety-five; it was forty when I came. We had seventy-nine present last Sunday. Now we are preparing for our watch-night service on New Year's Eve, when I think we shall have another large crowd.

SECRETARIES TRAVELING

More Notes from the December Conference

MISS LINDLEY reported a most inspiring meeting held in Minneapolis at the time of the provincial synod, which the women of the province conducted without a word of criticism or discouragement, looking forward with enthusiasm, thinking nothing too great to undertake. Wherever she went, she found that the mission study classes had awakened intelligent interest, but she occasionally met with apathy, the feeling that those at the Missions House cannot understand the conditions under which people in the West labor, that each place is peculiar in its circumstances and

difficulties, and, occasionally, the old-fashioned opposition to foreign missions showed itself.

But the critical spirit which sometimes appeared had its encouraging feature, as showing a desire to help. There was an impression everywhere that the individual counts tremendously—that where there is a leader with fire and enthusiasm there is usually an active and hard-working organization; where the leader is easy-going or apathetic, the reverse is almost invariably the case. Miss Lindley paid a warm tribute to the work being done by women not conspicuous in the Aux-

iliary—by the wives of missionaries and by women not holding office as United Offering treasurers, but who are especially interested in gathering that offering. She spoke also of the feeling which is so pathetically exhibited by those working in districts where the Church is weak and there is little or no encouragement for the earnest worker in the Auxiliary, the feeling of appreciation that the Woman's Auxiliary is behind them in all that they do. The effect is to make one feel humbled and more than ever anxious to do all that within one lies to help those who are doing such splendid work, practically alone and unaided.

Miss Tillotson reported on her visits in the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Provinces, telling of the development of the work, the fine outlook and many reasons for encouragement, but at the same time the deadening effect of isolation upon some of the people in places where the Church is weak—a tendency to join the rector's aid or parish guild, and the feeling that one is peculiar in joining the Auxiliary, the result being that active Auxiliary membership is, proportionately, much smaller than in these popular organizations. A discouraging feature of this is that some parishes seem quite content with this condition, and pressure must be brought to bear upon them that this proportion be changed as soon as possible.

Another point which Miss Tillotson made was that there is a goal at which one should arrive after a period of mission study, and unless such study is followed by real work of some sort it is bound to be useless, in spite of its benefit to the individual. It must be looked on simply as a means, not as an end. Very definite results are the only justification it has.

She spoke of the splendid courage and cheerfulness of the people at La Grange Settlement, which she visited in the course of her trip. The place which impressed her as hopelessly ugly, a mill town of the South in which there was such an abundance of sordidness and suffering, was brightened by the wonderful work of the settlement. She felt that she was wrong to be so depressed, for the courage and cheerfulness of those who work there is beyond words beautiful, and when she compared their lot with the comfort and companionship which we enjoy in our work at the Missions House, it becomes even more remarkable. She made a strong appeal, in the name of Mr. Phillips, for women workers to reinforce the staff there, and said she hoped that the officers of the branches would impress upon the young women the fact that the greatest privilege one can have is to volunteer and be accepted for the mission field.

FOLLOWING THE WAR MESSAGE

NOTES from the report of the November Conference were printed in leaflet form and sent out as a war message to the Woman's Auxiliary. Some of the letters received in response to this message are stimulating and suggestive, and we are glad to print them here, together with a few extracts which show how in many parts of the Auxiliary this time is a time of real advance. The Emergency Missionary Fund to which the letter from Louisiana refers is one suggested by the Auxiliary of the Fourth Province,

meeting in New Orleans, November, 1914:

"That this meeting of the Auxiliary recommend to the monthly conference of general and diocesan officers of the Woman's Auxiliary that it request diocesan and parochial branches throughout the Church to adopt the plan devised by St. James's Branch, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, of asking all members of the congregation to give not less than ten cents per month during the Church Year 1914-1915 as a special War Emergency Fund to aid the

Church of England in maintaining its missionary work abroad, provided official information be received from the societies named above (that is S. P. G. and C. M. S.) that such aid is needed and is welcomed."

From Louisiana: We are quite interested in the ten-cent scheme for the Emergency Missionary Fund, but I trust we can find time, energy and money to add to instead of taking away from our own missionary obligations.

From Georgia: I feel sure every one here will do as they have promised regarding pledges, though the stringency of the times has brought back home sons and their wives and children for shelter under their parents' roofs, and other persons out of employment are seeking shelter with those who have a roof and food to share.

From Eastern Oklahoma: I am hoping confidently for larger missionary offerings and greater interest in all lines of missionary work, for here we have not measured up to our best, and with the inspiration and awakening appreciation of the needs of the hour surely we can and will do better as a whole. I can see no excuse for going back, for ever so little self-denial of every one would mean such tremendous increase of work and gifts.

From North Carolina: The wife of a rector in a North Carolina parish tells of having copies of the diocesan Auxiliary's letters about General Missions sent to every member of the Auxiliary in the Church. They are going to ask every person in the parish to make an offering. Also the rector will have a special Sunday-school offering for General Missions sometime during January. The president of this parish branch says:

"The president of this branch here has called every woman and girl together for Friday afternoon. She asked me what to say. I told her of the only way her words could possibly have weight, and added 'Don't tell them I said so, but if you want to you might say, "Don't you think it is about time for us to begin to make some sacrifices for the Kingdom of God?"' I shall never know what she says, for I shall not be there."

From Chicago: I am not asking to have copies of "The War Message" sent me for distribution for so far as I have observed no one is neglecting the obligation already assumed for the war needs at the present time. On the contrary, there is a great outpouring of helpfulness in all directions. This is the only consolation in the horrors of war.

From Atlanta: Following a visit from Miss Tillotson the members of the Auxiliary were called to meet with the bishop on the 30th of December in order to organize study classes. The bishop asked that he might be allowed to launch them upon this enterprise and on the Feast of the Epiphany they were to have a Corporate Communion and an address from him.

From Michigan: The foreign treasurer of the Michigan Branch in sending a check on the 1st day of December writes:

"Am enclosing my first large remittance this winter and trust another will follow early in January. The outlook among the women in this diocese is most encouraging. A large sectional meeting in Saginaw in October, smaller ones in Flint, Birmingham, Pontiac and Bay City. The study class workers are active. I hope Michigan will meet its apportionment more fully this year than ever before, because men at large are taking more interest."

From South Carolina: The institute conducted by Miss Tillotson in Columbia enrolled a membership of fifty-six, representing twelve South Carolina towns.

From West Virginia: I hate to criticize so good a thing, but would it not be better to follow this up with some more definite call for extra exertion—a week of self-denial for the Auxiliary before Lent might result in some real aid—or to ask for at least twenty-five cents additional from each member. This would have to be acted on, of course, in each diocesan branch, but is it not a practical way to put it in this concrete form? I hope if you decide to ask any definite sum that our West Virginia Auxiliary can be counted on for \$100 extra. These are times that try men's souls, and we must help to our utmost. I hope you will not think me officious, but I venture to suggest this. The first week in February, being just before Lent, might do.

THE FEBRUARY CONFERENCE

Thursday, the 18th, Holy Communion at 10 a. m. Reports and Conference, 10.30. The Rev. F. J. Clark on Africa and the Negro at 11. Questions and Discussion, 11.30. Prayers at noon.

THE JUNIOR PAGE

AN AFTERNOON WITH SOME KENTUCKY JUNIORS

From Grace Church, Paducah

We invited all the women, girls and little children of the church to meet at the parish house, on a certain Friday afternoon, to attend the first session of a country school. The assembly hall was arranged to look like a school room, blackboards and maps being in evidence, and a desk on the platform, where the principal (our very competent educational secretary) sat ready to call the school to order.

As the guests arrived, they were registered according to age, so that we might know in which department of the Auxiliary they belonged. All assembled together in the main room for the opening exercises. A large bell was rung, and with the singing of "America" and the saying of the Lord's Prayer" our session began. The principal emphasized the fact that this was just the first day of school, and as we had much work to accomplish she hoped all would come regularly. She asked some general questions to freshen up our geography, which caused a good deal of enjoyment, and also mentioned some important current events, all being of interest from a missionary standpoint. She then called the roll from the list of those registered, assigning each group to a separate class room which had been arranged for the purpose. Class I, the children up to eight years of age, was instructed by our parish secretary of the Little Helpers, and all were invited to attend regular class meetings every Wednesday afternoon. Class II, the girls from eight to fourteen years, were received and told about our branch of younger Juniors, by the leader of that department.

Class III, the girls from fourteen to eighteen years, had their instruction from the Junior president herself. All over eighteen years met together under our Woman's Auxiliary president, as, in our parish, Section B meets with the older women, although we have a young woman especially appointed to work up the attendance of Section B.

After a fifteen-minute class session, the bell was rung for recess and luncheon.

Finally, the bell was rung for closing exercises, and the principal spoke of the Auxiliary work as a whole, its departments, the Board of Missions and other interesting features. Hymn 261 was sung and the rector closed the afternoon with the prayer for missions and the Benediction.

THE CORRESPONDENCE COURSE FOR JUNIOR LEADERS

There are Junior leaders who cannot go to normal classes or summer conferences and in these days of so much study by correspondence we have been wondering if such a method cannot be used in the Junior Department.

It is planned that a course of fourteen lessons shall be ready by Lent. The text-books will be the Junior Book, the Handbook of the Woman's Auxiliary, "Building the City," and "Stories and Story Telling" by Professor St. John.

The Junior Book will be followed in general, and the titles for the lessons will be as follows:

1. Motive, History; 2. How to Conduct a Branch; 3. Little Helpers; 4. Older Girls; 5. Manual Work; 6. Money; 7. Study I; 8. Study II; 9. Study III; 10. Study IV; 11. Study V; 12. Prayer; 13. Gift of Self; 14. The Leader.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF OFFERINGS

TO APPLY ON THE APPORTIONMENT AND AID
THE BOARD IN MEETING ITS APPROPRIATION

Offerings are asked to sustain missions in thirty-two missionary districts in the United States, Africa, China, Japan, Brazil, Haiti, Mexico and Cuba; in forty-three dioceses, including missions to the Indians and to the Negroes; to pay the salaries of thirty-one bishops, and stipends to 2,553 missionary workers, domestic and foreign; also two general missionaries to the Swedes and three missionaries among deaf mutes in the Middle West and the South; and to support schools, hospitals and orphanages.

With all the remittances the name of the Diocese and Parish should be given. Remittances, when practicable, should be by Check or Draft, and should always be made payable to the order of George Gordon King, Treasurer, and sent to him, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Remittances in Bank Notes are not safe unless sent in Registered Letters.

The Treasurer of the Board of Missions acknowledges the receipt of the following from September 1st, 1914, to January 1st, 1915.

DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1914-15	Amount received from September 1st, 1914, to Jan. 1st, 1915	DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1914-15	Amount received from September 1st, 1914, to Jan. 1st, 1915
PROVINCE I.			PROVINCE IV.		
Connecticut	\$54,570	\$ 5,750.78	Alabama	\$ 7,269	\$ 260.34
Maine	4,752	506.02	Atlanta	5,205	1,123.85
Massachusetts	71,874	10,662.19	East Carolina.....	3,711	1,420.64
New Hampshire	5,736	457.95	Florida	4,545	335.29
Rhode Island	21,580	2,705.53	Georgia	4,416	114.61
Vermont	4,955	329.93	Kentucky	7,899	551.00
W. Massachusetts....	14,192	2,103.13	Lexington	2,410	243.85
	\$177,659	\$22,515.53	Louisiana	8,226	418.04
			Mississippi	5,007	155.70
PROVINCE II.			North Carolina.....	6,181	388.72
Albany	\$25,920	\$ 2,292.32	South Carolina.....	8,098	689.04
Central New York...	22,902	2,346.83	Tennessee	7,155	236.75
Long Island	62,159	2,488.31	Asheville	2,906	535.40
Newark	41,696	5,084.45	Southern Florida....	1,934	17.00
New Jersey	28,853	2,581.95		\$74,962	\$ 6,490.28
New York	253,744	27,354.43			
W. New York.....	27,521	2,560.82			
Porto Rico.....	150			
	\$462,945	\$44,709.11			
PROVINCE III.			PROVINCE V.		
Bethlehem	\$17,353	\$ 1,677.95	Chicago	\$44,427	\$ 3,575.66
Delaware	4,807	1,307.20	Fond du Lac.....	8,574	408.78
Easton	2,605	208.64	Indianapolis	4,315	271.68
Erie	6,122	437.43	Marquette	2,374	188.96
Harrisburg	10,987	986.59	Michigan	16,091	1,756.06
Maryland	30,263	2,915.71	Michigan City.....	2,444	96.75
Pennsylvania	144,503	13,977.72	Milwaukee	10,574	947.53
Pittsburgh	22,027	5,539.23	Ohio	25,081	1,182.45
Southern Virginia...	14,949	1,218.18	Quincy	2,737	72.70
Virginia	14,089	2,078.32	Southern Ohio.....	14,469	2,367.88
Washington	22,644	1,170.51	Springfield	3,509	37.25
W. Virginia	6,212	1,147.07	W. Michigan.....	6,455	589.00
	\$296,561	\$32,664.55		\$136,050	\$11,494.70

DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1914-15	Amount received from September 1st, 1914, to Jan. 1st, 1915	DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, September 1st, 1914-15	Amount received from September 1st, 1914, to Jan. 1st, 1915
PROVINCE VI.			PROVINCE VIII.		
Colorado	\$ 8,935	\$ 325.51	California	\$ 12,630	\$ 3.00
Duluth	3,287	377.80	Los Angeles	13,456	532.77
Iowa	8,343	315.71	Olympia	4,580	246.58
Minnesota	13,253	946.17	Oregon	3,947	233.71
Montana	4,532	356.00	Sacramento	2,302	50.40
Nebraska	4,109	85.29	Alaska	960	137.92
North Dakota	1,706	140.10	Arizona	958	39.70
South Dakota	3,300	120.78	Eastern Oregon	673
Western Colorado	608	39.12	Honolulu	2,083
Western Nebraska	1,416	178.14	Idaho	1,841	28.41
Wyoming	1,805	22.25	Nevada	781	6.96
	\$51,294	\$ 2,906.87	San Joaquin	1,169
			Spokane	2,112	128.00
			Philippines	480
			Utah	952	66.47
				\$48,924	\$ 1,473.92
PROVINCE VII.			Anking	\$ 192
Arkansas	\$ 3,349	\$ 129.76	Brazil	240	\$ 4.71
Dallas	2,969	7.13	Canal Zone	192	3.90
Kansas	4,245	156.06	Cuba	807
Missouri	13,362	1,759.70	Haiti	12.00
Texas	6,190	983.63	Hankow	240
West Missouri	5,635	141.66	Kyoto	154	12.50
West Texas	3,390	195.00	Liberia	403	122.50
Eastern Oklahoma	1,200	128.49	Mexico	403
New Mexico	981	134.64	Shanghai	240
North Texas	492	83.00	Tokyo	317	12.50
Oklahoma	1,118	72.64	European Chs.	1,612
Salina	812	36.57	Foreign Miscell.	9.74
	\$43,743	\$ 3,828.28		\$4,800	\$ 177.85
			Total	\$1,296,938	\$126,261.09

OFFERINGS TO PAY APPROPRIATIONS

SOURCE	1915 TO JANUARY 1,	1914 TO JANUARY 1,	INCREASE	DECREASE
1. From congregations	\$89,376.12	\$94,786.59	\$5,410.47
2. From individuals	18,289.11	13,297.55	\$4,991.56
3. From Sunday-schools	2,886.91	3,199.05	312.14
4. From Woman's Auxiliary	15,708.95	14,109.33	1,599.62
5. From interest	28,913.94	27,632.13	1,281.81
6. Miscellaneous items	2,088.29	2,671.36	583.07
Total	\$157,263.32	\$155,696.01	\$1,567.31
7. Woman's Auxiliary United Offering.	24,000.00	24,000.00
Total	\$181,263.32	\$179,696.01	\$1,567.31

APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE YEAR

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1914, TO AUGUST 31ST, 1915

Amount Needed for the Year

1. To pay appropriations as made to date for the work at home and abroad	\$1,434,439.93
2. To replace Reserve Fund temporarily used for the current work	254,244.86
Total	\$1,688,684.79
Total receipts to date applicable on appropriations	181,263.32
Amount needed before August 31st, 1914	\$1,507,421.47

A LIST OF LEAFLETS

The leaflets noted herein may be had by application to the Literature Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. Order by department and number. An asterisk marks recent publications.

Devotional

- 50 Prayers for Missions.
- 51 A Litany for Missions.
- 52 Mid-Day Intercessions for Missions.
- 54 Mid-Day Prayer Card.

Alaska

- 805 The Borderland of the Pole.

Brazil

- 1402 Our Farthest South.

China

- 200 The Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui. (Holy Catholic Church in China.)
- 201 "Since the Revolution—Ladies First!"
- 202 New China and the Church.
- 204 For the Girls of China.
- 205 Why? (The Needs of St. Mary's Hall.)
- 206 Pledge Card for New China Fund.
- 247 Practical Ideals in Medical Missions.
- 268 "Boone"—the Christian University of Mid-China.
- 271 A Year at St. John's University, Shanghai.

Cuba, Porto Rico and Haiti

- 500 In the Greater Antilles.

Honolulu

- 1007 The Cross Roads of the Pacific.

Indians

- 600 *The First Americans.

Japan

- 324 The Nippon Sei Ko Kwai. (Holy Catholic Church in Japan.)
- 325 The Christian College and Moral Leadership. (St. Paul's College, Tokyo.)
- 326 How to Win Japan and Where to Begin.

Liberia

- 100 Our Foothold in Africa.
A Sojourner in Liberia.

Negroes

- 700 The Church Among the Negroes.

The Philippines

- 407 The Cross, The Flag and The Church.

United States

- 1250 The Church and the Swedish-Americans.

The Forward Movement

- 1105 How Shall I Vote?
- 1107 Diocesan Committee on General Missions.
- 1108 A Congregational Missionary Committee.
- 1109 The Forward Movement.
- 1110 It Won't Work with Us. 2c. each.
- 1112 Is There Any Substitute for the Organized Canvass?
- 1114 The Forward Movement in a City Parish.
- 1115 Suggestions to Leaders in Every-Member Canvass. 3c. each.
- 1117-19 Pledge Cards.
- 1120 Duplex Order Blank.
- 1122 System in Church Extension.

Educational Department

- Information: 5c. each; 25, \$1.20; 50, \$2.25; 100, \$4.00.
- 3055 Catalogue of Publications.
- 3071 The Library and the Museum.

The Sunday School

- 1 Ten Missionary Stories that Every Young Churchman Should Know. 10c.
- 2. A Litany for Children.
- 4 Talking to Children About Missions.
- 5 Two Experiments with the Lenten Offering.

Miscellaneous

- The Missionary Story of the General Convention.
- 900 The Church's Mission at Home and Abroad. Bishop Lloyd.
- 912 Four Definitions.
- 913 Concerning "Specials."
- 941 How Can I Give to a Particular Object and Yet Give to the Apportionment?
- 944 Women in the Mission Field.
- 946 How to Volunteer.
- 956 The Why and How of the Missionary Budget.
- 969 The Church and the World.
- 978 In the Nation.
- 979 The Lands Beyond.
- 980 The Wide World.
- 981 The Apportionment: Rhinelander.
- 1301 Why Believe in Foreign Missions?

Monographs on Missions

- M. 1 *The Canal Zone.
- M. 2 *The Church in the Port Cities of China

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

- W.A. 1. A Message from the Triennial.
- W.A. 2 To Treasurers.
- W.A. 3. Some Plain Facts.
- W.A. 4. Collects for Daily Use.
- W.A. 8. A Message to a Weak Branch.
- W.A. 10. Prehistoric Days.
- W.A. 13. How Can I Help?
- W.A. 14. Why Should I Be a Member?
- W.A. 15. "Sweet Amy."
- W.A. 16. A Bit of History. 5c. each
- W.A. 20. Hand Book. 10c. each; \$1.00 per doz.; \$7.50 per hundred.
- W.A. 21. *A War Message.

United Offering

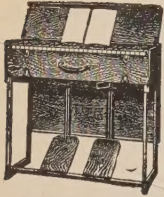
- W.A. 100. Resolution and Prayer Card.
- W.A. 101. What Is the United Offering?
- W.A. 102. Who Gave It?
- W.A. 103. Verses: "The Little Blue Box."
- W.A. 105. The Mighty Cent.
- W.A. 106. Giving Like a Little Child.
- W.A. 107. The Churchwoman's offering of Romance.

THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

- W.A. 200. The Junior Collect.
- W.A. 201. What the Junior Department is.
- W.A. 202. One Army—Two Departments.
- W.A. 203. Membership Card. 1c. each.
- W.A. 204. The J. D. at the Triennial, 1913.
- W.A. 205. Section II. How the J. D. Helps.
- W.A. 206. The Junior Book. 10c. each; \$1.00 per doz.; \$7.50 per hundred.
- W.A. 225. The Sunset Hour. A Missionary Missionary Play. 5c. each. 50c. per doz.
- W.A. 250. Section II. The United Offering.
- W.A. 251. Section III. The United Offering of 1916.
- W.A. 252. *Someone's Opportunity.
- The Little Helpers
- W.A. 300. The Origin of the L. H.
- W.A. 301. The L. H.: Directions.
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